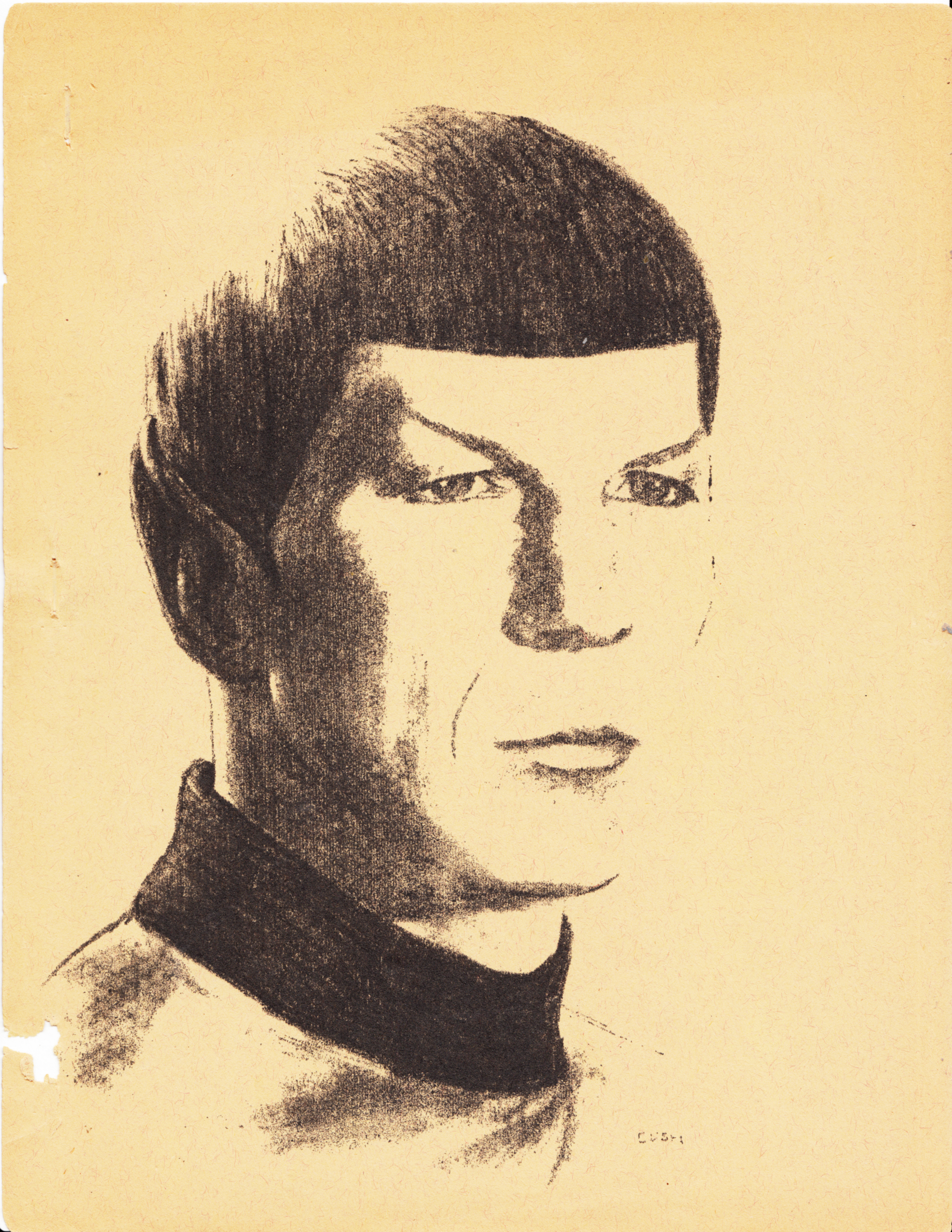
CUSH

Spockanalia #2: a Star Trek fanzine, published by Sherna Comerford, 83 Lincoln Avenue, Newark, New Jersey 07104, and Devra Michele Langsam, 250 Crown Street, Brooklyn, New York 11225.

This issue is dedicated to President Roddenberry, Father of the Federation, Commander-in-Chief of Starfleet, and creator of the Eugene Roddenberry Foundation for Vulcan Studies. With thanks.

SPOCKANALIA

Garlic Press Publication # 2 April 19, 1968

99.44 % illogical

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Available for 50¢, or exchange, from Devra Langsam.

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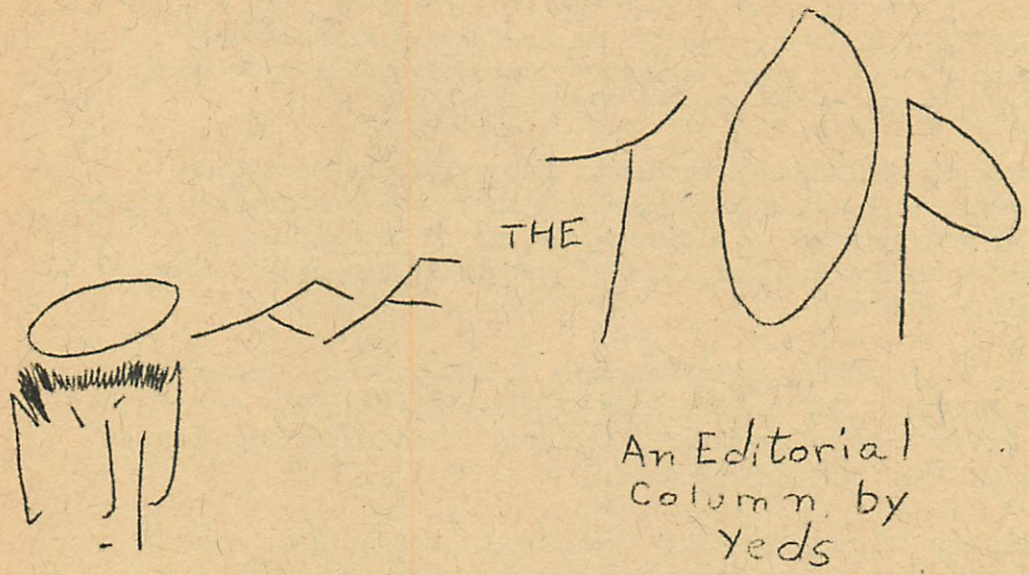


Yeds think that after putting out two issues of a fanzine, it's high time that we introduced ourselves.

Sherna Comerford: I'm a research assistant in psychobiology (comparative psychology) at the Institute of Animal Behavior, Rutgers. I live in a rooming house with half-a-dozen nice working ladies, who aren't quite sure what sf is, but who think I'm a sweet girl anyway. Heh heh. (When I moved in, the place was co-ed, sobb.) My family (parents, brother, and cat - breathes there a fan with soul so dead that he hath no cat?) lives in Brooklyn. I'm 25, 5'6", with long brown hair, usually coming out of its braid. I'm presently writing my MS thesis. The less said about that the better. I'm interested in the biological and social sciences, and I dabble in such things as writing, horseback riding (Western saddle), fantasy and sf (Devra introduced me to Tolkien when we met in high school, and I've never been the same), and trying to figure out What The Heck's Going On. No luck yet on the last. On August 10th, I'll be married to Brian Burley (of ØSFS). We plan to live in New Jersey, and raise a crew of neofen.

Devra Michele Langsam: I am 24, 5'9", with dark messy curly hair. Also glasses. I'm a children's librarian for the Brooklyn Public Library, and hold an MS in library science. I enjoy sculpture and drawing, baking, fantasy - especially Norton and Tolkien - and singing (generally off-key). I'm also interested in anthropology, archeology, biology, history (and historical fiction), puns, Shakespeareandthatsortofstuff, comparative folklore and mythology, and various other unrelated subjects. I have two cats, named Bouffic and Honeypot, a jollygreengiant named Peregrine Pickle, and no sense of humor (or so I'm told). I have boxes of mimeo paper under my desk, and (I'm positive) an incipient hysterical

ulcer. (Don't you laugh at me, you ulcer you!) I also admire paper clips.

We became active in fandom about a year ago (though we've both read sf all our lives). SPOCKANALIA is our really and truly very first fanzine, and we've torn our hair over it more than once, but we've also been lucky - very lucky - in the people we've met who have helped us.

We share the work of SPOCKANALIA equally. Subscriptions should go to Devra (no advance subs, please), because she has the room to store the 'zines in her house. Other mail can go to either of us, or to both of us at either address. (Devra seems to get most of it, because her return address is on the 'zine. Sob sobb - Sherna.)

ABOUT THAT RENEWAL: In a letter dated February 2, 1968, Script Consultant and writer Dorothy Fontana told us, "We were off the NBC schedule - dropped - cancelled. The letters, marches and all the rest of it were immeasurable help in getting us put back on the schedule.

"The renewal was due to many factors - over a million letters and petitions, the student protests, Gene Roddenberry's literate, reasonable and persuasive assault in personal trips to New York to speak to the decision-makers there. We had definitely been off the schedule - and then the mail began to pour in. It cost NBC a great deal in hiring extra staff to answer it...because much of it was from people of some standing in industry, professions and so on. These could not be answered by a routine form letter. So, we cost NBC some money - and all of you kept us on the air."

While we're busy taking pride in our nudging the Powers That Be, let's remember that networks have very short memories. There will, no doubt, be a new campaign this fall - and it will be less desperate if we continue to write during the summer. Right, Bjo?

NEW BETRAYAL COMES: Having announced that STAR TREK would be broadcast on Mondays at 7:30, the ~~NBC~~ network now renegs. The show is scheduled for Fridays at 10:00. This is a death night. We can only infer that NBC wants to kill the program. Perhaps they're afraid of a show whose viewers can exert effective pressure.

Let's start exerting. Write to protest the Friday timeslot, or STAR TREK won't survive.

OTHER STAR TREK 'ZINES: are coming thick and fast. Some are mentioned elsewhere in SPOCKANALIA. We want to call special attention to Juanita Coulson's ST-PHILE. It is a beautiful thing, done with loving care. Juanita's articles are...fascinating (and you know what that means!)

The first issue, and future ones when published, are available from Juanita Coulson, Route #3, Hartford City, Indiana, 47348.

GENE RODDENBERRY
DESILU STUDIOS

Mar 6, 1968

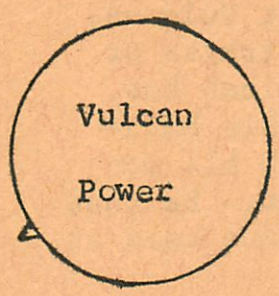
SPOCKANALIA:

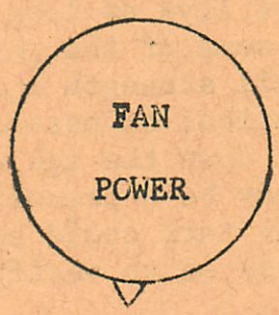
THANKS FOR ALL YOUR EFFORTS AND ENCOURAGEMENT AND PLEASE EXTEND OUR SINCERE THANKS TO ALL THE OTHERS WHO HELPED STAR TREK DEFINITELY ON SCHEDULE FOR A THIRD SEASON BEGINNING SEPTEMBER MORE LATER.

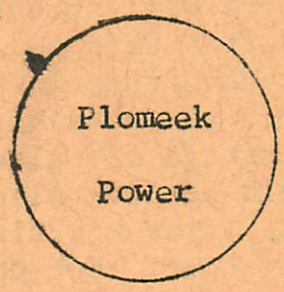
WARMEST PERSONAL REGARDS

GENE RODDENBERRY STAR TREK

((Why, thank you, President Roddenberry, Sir!))







DOROTHY FONTANA
DESILU STUDIOS

9-26-67

As story editor and a writer of STAR TREK, I came into possession of your SPOCKANALIA, which Gene Roddenberry brought back from the NYCON. (I couldn't go...I had to work on a script.) Since I've been instrumental in developing the characteristics and background of Spock too, some of which are mentioned in your magazine, I thought I'd drop a line...

Spock himself is about thirty-six years of age. Both his father and mother have been married only once...to each other. Spock is an only child...there are absolutely no other siblings,

"Spock" is in actuality what humans call a given name. The family name is unpronounceable and can only be rendered in Earth alphabet as a long series of consonants. With a few decades of practice, it is possible for a human to approximate it, but only a Vulcan can correctly pronounce it. (All male names on Vulcan begin with "S". All female names on Vulcan begin with "T"...however, Spock's mother has retained her Earth name.)

10-20-67

I have projected Spock's last name as follows: XTMPRSQZNTWLFB. Of course, the formal Vulcan language is not written with English letters. As in Hebrew, Arabic, Chinese and so on, the phonetic rendering according to pronunciation has nothing to do with the written language.

11-16-67

At no time did we say a pon farr overcomes a Vulcan at any specific age or at any specific interval. Using some Spockian logic, we believe that, due to his half-human heritage, Spock will probably not live as long as most Vulcans. We have often said he lacks some of the physical traits or does not have them in the full strength a full Vulcan has. Therefore, it may also be logical to assume that his half-human heritage may also pull down the age at which his pon farr would occur. Also he may be a precocious kid. Be that as it may...Sarek's first pon farr could easily have been at age sixty-four. But don't ask me to verify it.

12-8-67

About the Vulcan heart...I have consistently placed it on the right hand side of the body, in the area of the lower rib cage. That way, it would still be protected by bone as it is in the human, but might perhaps have a little more room since we have always tried to say the Vulcan heart is a larger organ and stronger than the normal human's. /In "Journey to Babel"/ McCoy should rightfully have been operating from the

right-hand side on Sarek...but the director chose to shoot from that direction so McCoy had to be on the other side.

12-29-67

If you need some help on an article on McCoy, I would be happy to contribute. I can also get together with De and put some information together with him. He's already written you, so he would remember who you are and I'm sure he would be happy to help. Most of the things I put into scripts about McCoy are the result of conversations I've had with him about the character, anyway. We both rather like the Doctor, so you may count on help from this quarter if you'd like it.

As I understand Spock's vegetarianism (according to Gene Roddenberry), it is because he does not like to kill. The killing of animals for sport or food goes against this Vulcan dislike of killing...which itself came out of the savage past, now repressed and buried under Vulcan logic and unemotionalism. Spock might indulge in an animal hunt, with a symbolic "kill", but not an actual kill.

12-8-67

What really gets me is that we (we, STAR TREK) are concerned with the characters we present each week. We have a research department which keeps us pretty consistent with what we've done before, lest we forget. But we believe in THE PEOPLE...not what Spock is likely to have for breakfast tomorrow morning. I think it's more important to know how Spock treats McCoy, how dedicated he is to Kirk, the tremendous dignity and respect he accords Christine, even knowing how she feels about him. This is the flesh and bones of what we are trying to give you...

Best,

Dorothy

((That article on McCoy should appear in SPOCKANALIA #3. See the editorial column for more comments by Miss Fontana.))

Nielsen can't count

LIEUTENANT-COMMANDER MONTGOMERY SCOTT
NCC - 1701

16 Feb. 1968

My dear Misses Sherna and Devra,

It is my pleasure to take a little time out from looking after my engines to answer your nice letter. You must be Bonnie Lasses both of you.

I wonder if you're interested in how I became a Space Engineer? I very seldom tell this story because it has its embarrassing moment but here goes -

Off the coast of Scotland are many small islands inhabited by few or none at all: but on one are a lot of old space ship parts - it serves as a dump.

I wanted a quiet place to write my thesis. I decided to "camp out" on this island.

I hadn't completed my first walk around the dump when I was overcome with the idea of putting myself into space. I started building and six months later with the beautiful junk-heap I had made I put myself into orbit.

No sooner was I up than I was visited by the Space Patrols hovering around me like hummingbirds. They wanted to know what I was doing out here and how I got there - I told them proudly. My pride was deflated shortly afterwards when I realized I had made no proper preparation for re-entry.

So for two days I orbited and finally asked for help. They had to lower me on a phaser beam. You can imagine my embarrassment when I was taken to our leader, who, however, was extremely kind. He suggested I go to the Space Academy and learn "How"!

Captain Kirk and the other officers have been very kind and keep their jibes to a minimum, but every now and then when things go wrong on the Enterprise, I see a wondering little look creep into their eyes - does Scott really know what he's doing? Ha!

You know, there is nothing I like better than to connect

up the inspection intercom and listen to the "hum" of my matter-antimatter engines.

The mutter in the matter
And the hum of antimatter
Is the happiness and lot
Of Lt. Commander Scott.

I did not get your letter until yesterday - why, I don't know, but there it is.

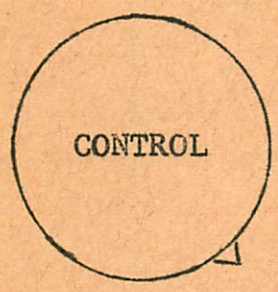
Thank you for your interest. I hope it is not too late.

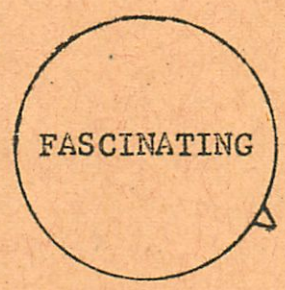
Sincerely,

Scotty,
James Doohan

((Perhaps it is the matter and the anti-matter modules,
That inspire the Scottish master of the engineering deck,
But the letter from the crewman who's portrayed by Jimmy Doohan,
Is a jewel to the fans of Scotty's interstellar trek.
-Sherna

Thank you very much, Sir!))





WALTER KOENIG
DESILU STUDIOS

Feb. 21, 68

Dear Devra and Sherna,

...By now you know that the character of Chekov has not

evolved appreciably from your precise and accurate appraisal way back in November. The reasons for this circumstance are varied and complex but directly related to the problems of production. If that sounds like double talk I'm sorry, but without sacrificing reams to the discussion I could not do justice to an explanation.

Mr. Roddenberry will again personally produce the show if the series is picked up for a third season and he has assured me that Mr. Chekov will be developed in depth (to clarify the previous statement; when I said again produce the show personally I was referring to his involvement and participation during the first year as opposed to this year).

However "Star Trek" has not been picked up officially at this writing and it would be premature to conjecture on the direction Mr. Chekov's character will go. Also I'm a little superstitious and I'm queezy about jumping the gun.

What it boils down to is I can't contribute too much towards character analysis at this time beyond saying that the key to his personality is his very real youth. He is bright and highly capable but the discipline of military life is not as firmly entrenched a character quality as it would be ten years from now. It is from this springboard that his flamboyance and "delightful rudeness" originates.

Again, very belatedly, but most heartily I extend my congratulations for your first issue of "Spockanalia". It was a truly admirable achievement!

Best of luck to you both (and keep your fingers crossed for us).

Sincerely,

Walter Koenig

((Koenig...Walter Koenig...What ship is he attached to?))

Vulcan is a way of life

DR. LEONARD McCOY
NCC - 1701

October 30, 1967

Dear Sherna and Devra,

Thank you very much for your most interesting fanzine. The contributions were bright, witty and informative.

I am pleased that Spock's friends also care for McCoy. I appreciate your kind comments and I hope you get your hope, because they are my hopes too.

Regarding your questions of how I feel about space medicine and having a non-human aboard the Enterprise - space medicine I can take, even though computers have removed a great deal of mental challenge and true personal discovery. My thrill still comes when we touch a planet similar to Earth in the 1960's where a physician's mind and skill are still the prominent factors, not a computer or space medical gadget aboard the Enterprise. As for Spock - what the blazes do I know about Vulcans? I reach for his heart and come up with his liver - his blood is green as well as an indelible stain. I recently brought aboard a young Dr. M'Benga (who interned in a Vulcan hospital) to get Spock off my back. I can't be bothered with rubbing my nerves raw about a physical jigsaw. I have enough problems without taking on all of Spock's peculiarities, mental or physical. He is capable of undoing every single thing I have learned in all of my years of medical training - and I don't intend to let him do it. I have warned Captain Kirk that one more Vulcan aboard our ship - just one more - and I will resign from the service.

I hope this letter will clarify my position and feelings regarding space medicine and Spock's place in space with me.

Most sincerely,

DeForest Kelley

Dr. McCoy

((When we got this delightful letter, your bright, witty,

informative', and immodest editors, in the sincere hope of stirring up trouble, sent a Xerox copy to Mr. Spock. He was kind enough to reply.))

COMMANDER SPOCK
NCC - 1701

December 28, 1967

Dear Devra and Sherna:

I have read with interest Dr. McCoy's comments on Space Medicine and particularly his complaints about having to treat a Vulcan.

If you can imagine what it would be like to have a toothache treated by a screaming witch-doctor, shaking ancient instruments and yelling unintelligible incantations, you have some idea of what a Vulcan experiences when treated by the ship's surgeon.

Live long and prosper,

Leonard Nimoy

Mr. Spock

((Fascinating! One wonders ...how is medicine practiced on Vulcan? Any printable comments, Doctor?))

There once was a problem disputable,
Whose solution was quite incomputable.
Its variable factors
Were video actors,
And their Nielsens were highly refutable.

-Sherna

A Revisit

by Sherna Comerford

Since SPOCKANALIA #1 was written, we've been given a great deal more information about the Federation, and particularly about Vulcan. In the light of this information, some of the discussion in #1 must be extended or revised.

"Physiologica Vulcanensis"

Dr. McCoy tells us that in addition to being large, hot, and arid, Vulcan has a very thin atmosphere.(1.) Since large planets, generally, have heavy atmospheres, and since Dr. McCoy is a doctor, not a meteorologist, this statement may be inaccurate. The same difficulty in breathing would be experienced in a thick atmosphere with a low O_2 content.

Another possibility is that Dr. McCoy spoke only of the atmosphere at the place where he was standing. If Spock's family lands are on a high plateau, the air there might be quite thin, even if Vulcan does have a comparatively heavy atmosphere.

We have also learned(2.) that the most comfortable temperature range for a Vulcan is in the vicinity of 125 degrees Farenheit. Since the planet is so arid, there should be a tremendous fluctuation between day and night temperatures. We saw a human party on Vulcan during the day, and they could not have borne considerably higher temperatures.

Therefore, it may be inferred that Vulcans (as humans) are most comfortable during the day, and are less tolerant of their cooler night temperatures. The alternative is that Vulcan does not have the expected temperature fluctuation. This would imply a CO_2-rich atmosphere, producing the greenhouse effect. Vulcan may also have a high internal heat, in which case, volcanic action would probably load the atmosphere with CO_2, as described. A high CO_2 content would also affect the human breathing mechanism, and produce the shortness of breath

they experienced.

In another area, mentioned in #1, the Vulcan heart has been definitely localized. It is on the right side of the body, under the lower rib cage(3.) but below the diaphragm.(4.) The heart probably crosses the midline (as does ours) because during a heart valve operation on the Ambassador Sarek(5.). Dr. McCoy worked on the left side. Its anatomy remains unknown.

It has now been established that Vulcan blood is based on copper, and that the molecule is the same as the basic molecule found in haemoglobin, chlorophyll and the bloods of Terran invertebrates. This molecule is highly inefficient when its metal is copper. The Vulcan blood, therefore, must contain some other oxygen carrier as well, unless the copper it uses is in the form of an unfamiliar, and highly efficient radical.

Human and Vulcan biochemistry are more similar than was first apparent. Dr. McCoy treats Mr. Spock with the same drugs he uses for the human crew members(6.) with no more ill effects than nausea.

Most interesting of the new information available is that concerning the Vulcan male rut, or pon farr. Many basic questions remain unanswered, but the following has been established as factual: at some time, probably many years after puberty, the Vulcan male experiences a slowly increasing imbalance of body chemistry, wherein great amounts of adrenalin analogs are poured into the bloodstream. These produce a personality change, involving unsurpressable nervousness and irribility. At first, the subject is probably made more fit for combat and violent activity, but if it is allowed to continue beyond some optimal point, the constant strain weakens him, and eventually claims first his sanity and then his life.

Accompanying this condition, possibly from its onset, the subject feels a deep need to return to the home planet, and the ancestral ceremonial grounds. This drive is so powerful that at times it may overwhelm the subject's consciousness, and produce atypical behaviour, which cannot later be recalled.

It is the custom among Vulcans that some (and possibly all) Vulcans are paired in childhood. At the pairing ceremony, through telepathy, each mind is imprinted upon the other. Once this has been done, both are drawn down to the ceremonial ground of the male at the time of his pon farr.

The cure for the chemical imbalance is the experience of sex. If this occurs, there are apparently no ill effects beyond a temporary insanity, much graver in its cultural effects than in its biological ones.

If the sex drive is interfered with, by the challenging male, or by the ceremonial equivalent, a new, intensified condition results. This is known as the plak-tow, or blood fever. It is possible that an analagous condition accompanies the height of the uninterrupted marriage ceremony, but no proof is available.

The plak-tow is characterized by an insanity of a type not encountered on Earth. The subject seems to be able to exert some control over its onset, and its depth is enhanced by aural and olfactory stimuli encountered in the ceremony. Even before these stimuli are presented, the plak-tow subject is usually incapable of speech. At its height, he is in a state of intense stimulation, and unable to recognise any restraints to his ferocity save those of the rigidly controlled ceremony. He will attack with singleminded killing intent even a man who, under normal circumstances, he would unhesitatingly die for.

Despite this, a Vulcan in plak-tow is capable of learned behavior. He uses weapons, and he follows the orders of the ceremonial leader. It may be inferred that these learned patterns are deeply imprinted in childhood. They act to modify patterns of utterly uncontrolled fighting madness.

This madness invokes cultural attitudes of horrible shame and guilt. The culture regards the existence of pon farr as a tragedy - a terrible cross to be borne, which implies that pon farr is a basic biological inheritance from the ancestral pre-Vulcan.

If the battle ends in victory, it is inferred that the plak-tow state subsides. The pon farr itself remains until it is satisfied by sex, or until it proves fatal. In the one case observed, the pon farr was itself broken at the end of the battle, by an intense emotional shock. Since it is probably not unheard of for a Vulcan in plak-tow to kill a close friend, it is possible that, in the case observed, the pon farr might have continued if the subject had not had the weakening influences of his half-human ancestry.

Among the still unanswered questions about pon farr are several concerning its periodicity. Last summer, the president of the Eugene Roddenberry Foundation for Vulcan Studies announced that the drive was septennial. Since then, Professor Dorothy Fontana, of the Foundation, has told us that this announcement was premature, and that the period has not actually been established. The pon farr might even be a once-in-a-lifetime experience.

The time of onset of pon farr is also uncertain. Professor Fontana believes that it occurred some two and a half de-

Spock in "Amok Time

cades later in the Ambassador Sarek than it did in his half-human son.

"Vulcan Psychology"

The subject is now known to be about 36 years of age. His father, Sarek, is an astrophysicist and sometimes ambassador, and is about 102 years old (which is late middle age for a pure Vulcan). His mother, Amanda, nee Grayson, is in her late fifties. From the psychological viewpoint, certain changes have taken place in the personality of the subject during the past months. While retaining his pride in his Vulcan heritage, he has begun to show behavioral traits which definitely do not coincide with his earlier interpretation of the Vulcan culture. Two examples will suffice: on one occasion(7.) while in command under emergency circumstances, Mr. Spock found his human crew reacting with irritation and lack of co-operation to his non-emotional technique of command and decision-making. He reasserted his command by using humor to regain the loyalty of his colleagues.

On another occasion(8.) Mr. Spock found it necessary to volunteer for a suicidal mission. He found himself in competition with Dr. McCoy for the right to undertake this mission. Dr. McCoy was most annoyed at losing out, and in later referring to the incident, Spock admitted aloud that he felt very deeply hurt at the Doctor's apparent inability to give him purely emotional support.

The subject is aware of this humanizing tendency, and has twice ascribed it to "contamination" resulting from continued contact with humans.(9)

Since Star Fleet does have ships manned entirely by Vulcans(8.) it is even more apparent now than previously that this contact and "contamination" is actively sought by the subject. Unable to feel completely comfortable among Vulcans, he seems to be seeking to develop the human aspects of his nature, despite his protestations (and apparent efforts) to the contrary.

This dichotomy of goals is seen fairly often in human behavior. If human criteria may be applied to one who is the product of a different culture and biology, it may be said that the prognosis has improved. The possibility of an improved life adjustment has become somewhat greater, and this author finds it conceivable that at some future date, the subject might learn how to be happy.

"Vulcans and Emotion"

We have now seen four pure-blooded Vulcans, and each one has shown that he possesses emotions. The anger of Stonn(10.) and the affection of Sarek for Amanda(11.) cannot be questioned by any discerning viewer. The illogical, and hence emotional, behavior of T'Pring(12.) is discussed elsewhere in this issue.

Even T'Pau, most unemotional of the Vulcans, said "I grieve with thee."(13.) Such an admission could not be ceremonial in nature. The Vulcan ceremony is calculated to control emotion, and a ceremonial statement would not be worded to reveal its presence.

"Thoughts on Vulcan Culture"

A number of profound revelations about the culture of Vulcan were made last September 15th. Although certain observers were not happy about what was learned, few came to the obvious conclusion that Vulcan simply has not attained the easy, smoothly running, mechanically logical culture that it holds as an ideal. The people have deeply-felt biological needs, and, as with all cultures, this one must find a way to fulfill or sublimate these needs. Until they can be genetically eliminated (if ever), they must be controlled, and this is the job of a culture.

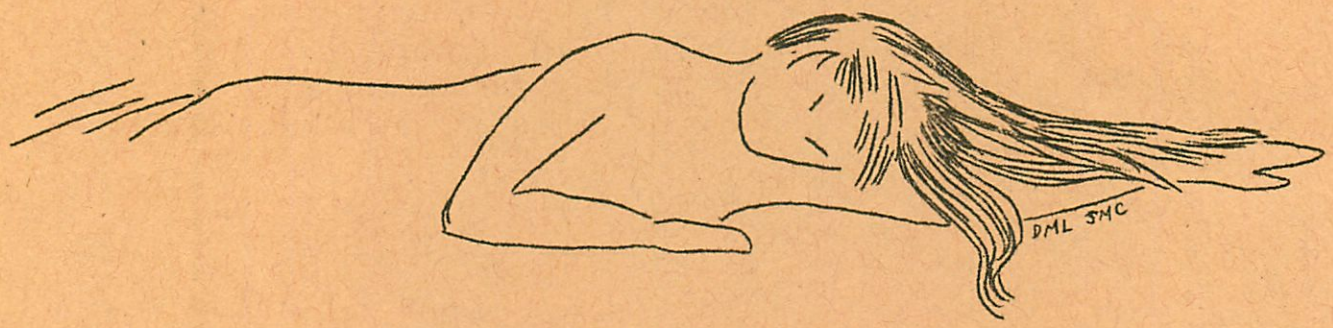
One trusts that Vulcan is not a tradition directed culture. This is the least logical and most cynical of the known cultural control systems. Certainly Mr. Spock shows signs of being inner directed, and similar behavior was seen in Ambassador Sarek.

Nonetheless, there is at least one situation in which the behavior of the participants is rigidly controlled by tradition. Significantly, it is the one known situation in which the inner-directing controls become non-functional.

The <u>pon farr</u> is a situation which logic cannot handle. If Vulcans were as truly rational as they claim to be, they would simply agree to dump tradition and put every <u>pon farr</u> male into a padded cell, with his woman, as soon as the first symptoms appeared. But as pointed out in our first issue, every culture has its releases, and the Vulcans aren't about to give up theirs.

Since they cannot handle the <u>pon farr</u> logically, they

BUSH



must control it. They bind it in ceremony, and gird it with rules which they dare not break, lest their whole system explode around their heads. This would indeed be a contributing factor to the compulsiveness of the Vulcan (or at least Spockian) character. It brings to mind the Spartans, who also sat on a cultural bomb.

This would mean that in the pon farr situation, it is one's right to be un-Vulcan. One must obey the rules, even though logic says break them. One may disregard the value of sentient life. One symbolizes the removal of one's self from the normal value system by an elaborate body ritual, and by such things as litters. (The use of sentient muscle power, where machines, or even animals, or one's own legs, would do the job as well or better, is not only illogical, it is the sign of degeneracy in a culture. The desire to subjugate others and make them do unnecessary, humbling tasks at your will is one of the less attractive traits of humans, and is surely most un-Vulcan.) The Vulcan makes these things bearable to their conscience by claiming a pride in long tradition. And they teach their children, from an early age, this pride, and the ceremonial skills.

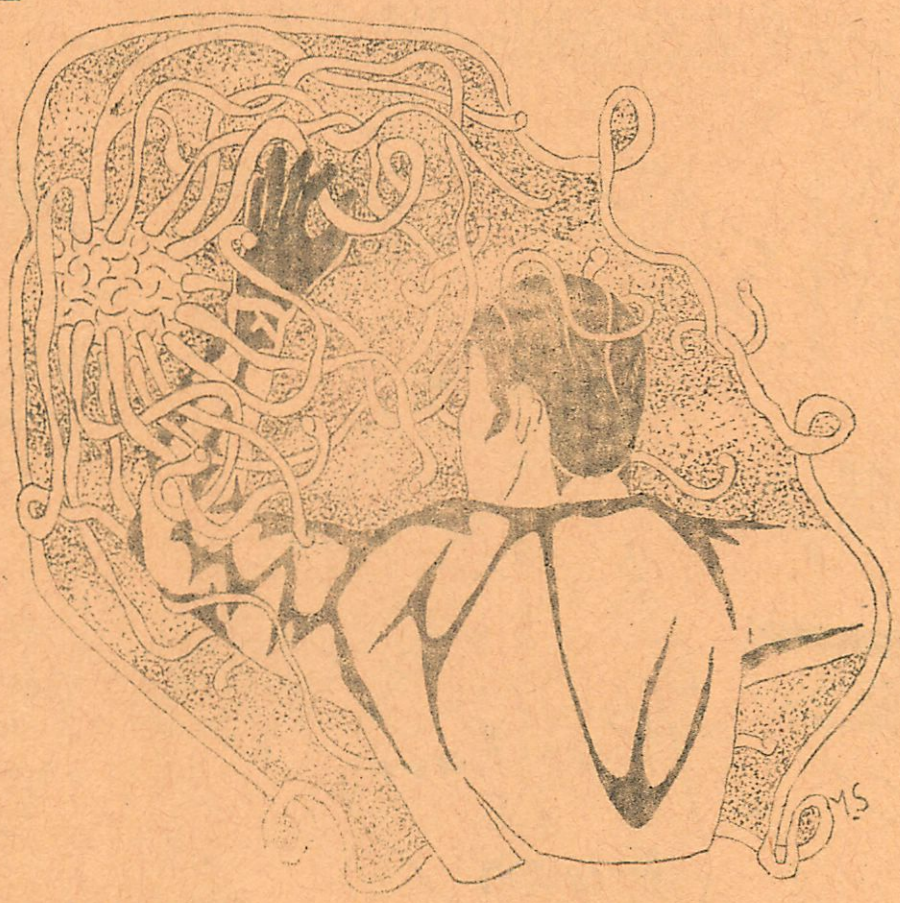
Spock's terrible familiarity with the weapons shows that he must have been trained from early childhood in their use. Although long separation from his people had made him clumsy, he still had within him the powerful controls taught to him in childhood. He still overcame his terrible need to kill, and ceased to fight, at the all-encompassing order of "Kroykah!" (Stop!)

It seems clear that there are many complexities as yet

undiscovered in the Vulcan culture. The culture which produced Mr. Spock must be a good deal more varied and problem-filled than the rather dull stereotype we were led to infer from early information. We hope that future information will bear out our belief that the culture is as alien and as interesting as it now seems to be.

---

1. "Amok Time"
2. "The Deadly Years"
3. D. C. Fontana, pers. comm.
4. "A Private Little War"; Dr. McCoy said Spock's heart was where his "liver should be."
5. "Journey to Babel"
6. "The Apple"
7. "Gamesters of Triskellion"
8. "Immunity Syndrome"
9. "Gamesters of Triskellion" and "Patterns of Force"
10. "Amok Time"
11. "Journey to Babel"
12. "Amok Time"
13. Ibid.



VULCAN GRAFFITI

by Sherna Comerford

However much they suppress them, Vulcans do have emotions. Therefor, it is possible that the anonymity of the graffiti artist appeals to certain elements of the culture. Here are some samples.

J'Prung giggles

Sarek is a medicare

T'FIOUR T'PAUR

James Kirk is alive and well, and living on the Enterprise with whom?

Sarek Loves Amanda

Amanda eats meat

SMILE, DAMN YOU!

IT

Red blood causes bad breath

LOGIC IS DEAD

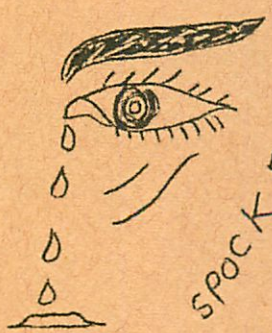
Sarek is a Romulan Spy

Storm Sobs

Red blood, green blood, got together
Bred a hybrid in the heather
Pon farr never caring whether
Logic left him altogether

Skilroy Was Here

BE



SPOCK FINKED OUT

Pon farr is funn

Leonard Loves Logic

logic who?

FRODO LIVES

ENTERPRISE GRAFFITI

by Sherna Comerford

If Starfleet psychologists recognize the value of graffiti, there might be a graffiti wall in one of the rec rooms. It might even contain some of these.

It may be logical, but is it fun?

Hey Scotty! Next time those engines of yours conk out, try flower power!

NOMAD HAD THE RIGHT IDEA

We were walking very wary, where the mantrap creepers twine
When a wile and vicious vampire plant reached out a clinging wine

Chekov is innocent of this. It was written by Shirley Meech. You finked on her!

Oh Yeah?!

But Bjo, does Mr Spock Grok you? That's a non sequitur

Why Doesn't Starfleet get us seatbelts?

I wanna go back to my little grass shack on Omicron Ceti III

WANTED
Volunteers for a suicide mission to shave Mr. Spock's eyebrows.

Mr. Spock Never Had A Course In Logic In His Life. He Doesn't Know His Converse From His Contrapositive. Yeah? Tell him to his face.

ASK OUR GENIE.

MOST ILLOGICAL

T'WHO?

Personal to Mr Scott
-English lessons will be given starting next watch, in the library.
I'll have you know that where I come from, the language began. I'll be very happy to teach you if you'll make yourself known to me
Lt Cdr. Montgomery Scott

Dr McCoy is a dirty old man
Capt Kirk is a tough old man
You'd better believe it!

CHEKOV LOVES
~~RUTH~~
~~ALICE~~
~~MARTHA~~
~~OLGA~~
~~ZELDA~~
~~ANTIGONE~~
LORRAINE

HORTA POWER

To be continued

Vulcan Mousehole

DEA.

THE MAN IN THE HERO SUIT

by E. A. Oddstad

"Captain, you should make a very convincing Nazi..."
Commander Spock

By now, all serious students know that Mr. Spock wears a mask, that of the rational Vulcan, though he is half human and often irrational. He's not the only one on board in disguise. Dr. McCoy plays the old country doctor when sober and the southern fried gentleman when not, and Kirk, at first, looks like a cardboard compendium of boy scout virtues.

After a while, one realizes that James T. Kirk is not what he seems. There is another Kirk living inside the heroic Captain, like a hermit crab in its shell. This inner Kirk is obsessed with the Enterprise, its crew, and his position as its captain. He's forever talking about '<u>my</u> ship' and '<u>my</u> crew.' In his mind, they belong to him, and he belongs to them. Without them, he cannot be The Captain. His first concern is not his duty, nor the public good, but the Enterprise. He has risked the lives of an entire colony to save the lives of nine or ten crewmen, and he has often risked his life to ensure the safety of the Enterprise.

Kirk is more afraid of failure than of death. He probably enjoys thinking about the eulogies and the posthumous medals. His fears of becoming an ordinary slob, of no longer being the famous Captain Kirk, is something like a Ruling Passion.

He has been forced into the role of an ordinary slob several times. He played a simple Organian peasant to avoid

the notice of the Klingons, and a Depression down-and-outer. to avoid the notice of psychiatrists. He was not successful in either role; he kept stepping out of character. His two-man war against the Klingons served to separate him from the Organians. (James T. would rather be Captain Kirk in prison than a simple peasant out.) He made even less of an effort to fit into the 1930s, offering an untenable explanation for Spock and telling Edith Keeler about a novel that will be written a hundred years in the future, on a planet circling a star in Orion.

Kirk disliked Organia because he was one-down; the Klingons were in control. He enjoyed the 1930s because he was in control; the Twentieth century was, as he remarked, "simpler, easier to manage." But in both places, and in both roles, he had to show that he was not the ordinary slob he pretended to be. Rather, he was extraordinary and impressive. He was Captain James T. Kirk of the Star Ship Enterprise.

On another occasion, he lost not the Enterprise but its crew, which, like Odysseus' crew, abandoned ship while under the influence of a narcotic flower. Kirk succumbed to the flower last and only for a short time; he came to when he tried to abandon ship. The prospect of becoming just another lotus eater frightened him and fear, he discovered, counteracted the narcotic. No doubt he was the last to succumb because he was frightened by the disappearance of his crew. The flowers got him only when he shifted from fear to despair, which has a different physiological effect.

To feel safe, Kirk must be sitting on his throne, in his ship, surrounded by his crew and in control of everything.

James T. must be not only a captain, but a heroic captain. He's more upset when he isn't a hero than when he isn't a captain. He risks his life as often as possible (partly because he likes action) and goes in for saving anything from a ship to a Galaxy single-handed. Like all heroes, he risks his life and the lives of his companions to solve other people's problems. One feels that one could hand him Grendel or Glam, and he'd take care of it.

His failures haunt him. He can neither forget them nor forgive himself. For example, he endangered his ship and a

colony to destroy a hostile entity (the so-called gaseous mass) which he had failed to destroy eleven years before. He was obsessed with bumping off the gaseous mass not because it was a menace, but because it was his mistake and he had to correct it. Again, when he contracted a disease which caused rapid aging, he refused to admit that he was no longer Captain Kirk the hero, but a candidate for euthenasia. Spock and McCoy, suffering from the same disease, could admit its effect on them. Kirk could not. He has no sense of his intrinsic worth. If he isn't the heroic captain, he's nobody.

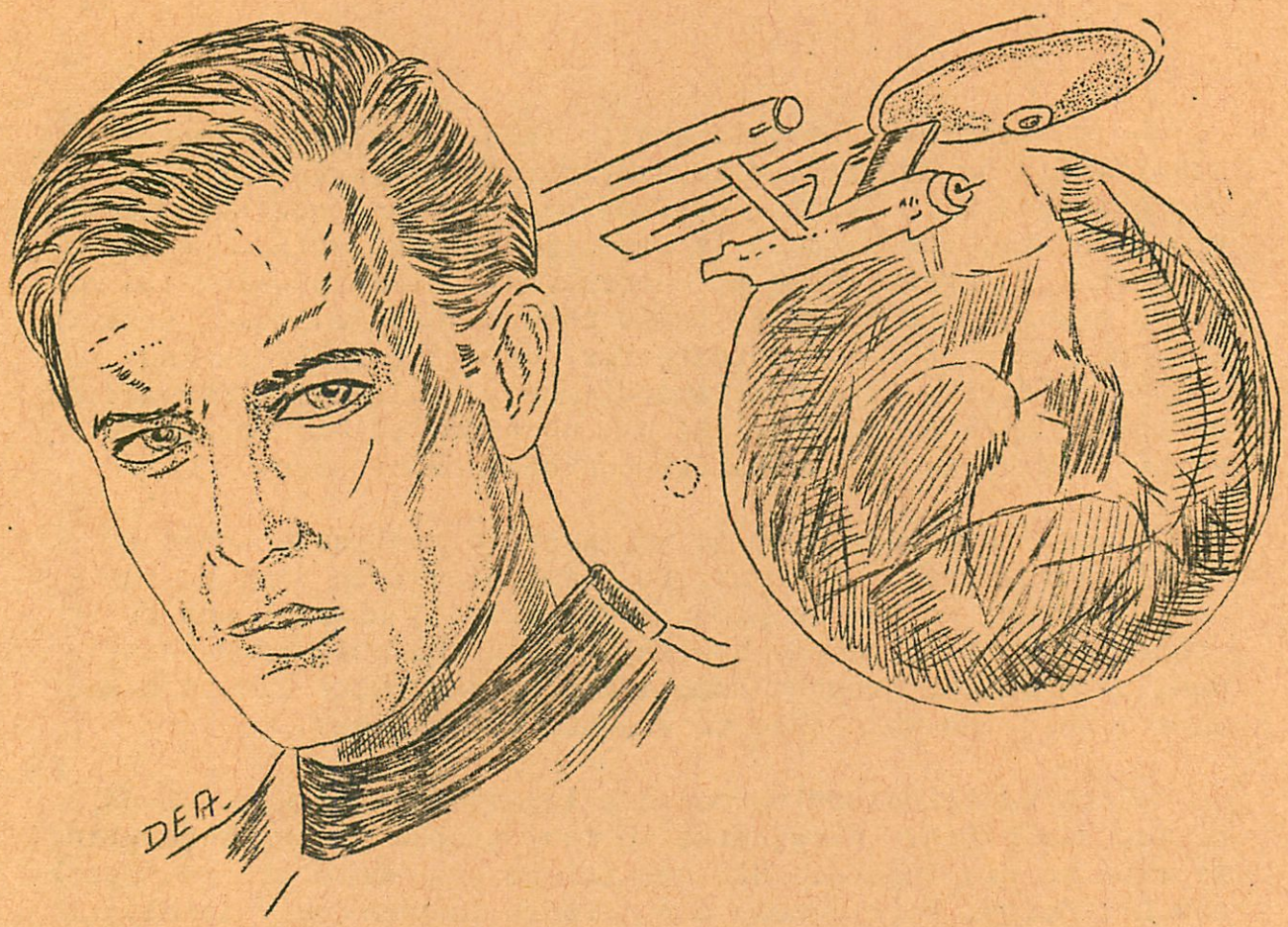
There is essentially no information available about Kirk's early life. However, it seems plausible that in the past, as now, he had to prove constantly to himself and to other people that he was special. He's the sort of person who, as a child, brought home a report card with five A's and an A minus, and was asked to explain the A minus.

Both captains and heroes are legendarily lonely. Look at Captain Bligh. Kirk, like so many people on the Enterprise, is true to his legend. His two friends on board are Mr. Spock and Dr. McCoy, both lonely men. Spock is obviously lonely; he's caught between two cultures, belonging to neither. McCoy, the happy hedonist, has no visible friends except Kirk and Spock. Somehow, they're friends because each one of them is solitary. They're all out in cold weather, and they huddle together for warmth.

Kirk doesn't trust anyone entirely, not even Spock and McCoy. When he disregarded orders and endangered the ship to go after the gaseous mass, Spock and McCoy warned him that they would have to relieve him of command if he didn't snap out of it. Kirk at first reacted as if he'd found them slipping hemlock into his Vichyssoise. They were betraying him. They were out to get him.

James T. is apparently out to break Don Juan's record. His women are, almost without exception, nitwits. They're no competition. He's in control. But it's a lonely place to be. Collecting nitwits seems to be a family habit. Kirk's brother George (Sam) married one.

Kirk's zipped himself into a hero suit and now the zipper's stuck. He can't get out, and nobody else can get in.



Kirk is forever giving small speeches on moral and political philosophy, upholding good and saying nasty things about evil. However, he has found himself agreeing with a Klingon (the Klingons are the devil's agents in our Galaxy) on the necessity of war.

One gets the feeling that Kirk is a famous man among the Klingons, as Belisarius was among the Goths. He's their kind of people. When Klingons meet Kirk, they make "What a pleasure and honor it is to meet you" noises. On one occasion, a Klingon called Earthmen "Regulan bloodworms," and then corrected himself. Not all Earthmen are Regulan bloodworms. Kirk isn't, for one. Regulan bloodworms, it seems, are soft and squishy. "Kirk may be a swaggering, overbearing, tin-plated dictator with delusions of godhood, but he isn't soft." From a Klingon, that's a compliment. Of sorts. It's also as good a description of Kirk as any.

Although Kirk talks about the necessity of freedom, he does like playing god. He has reorganized a number of soci-

eties. In a recent incident, he gave guns to a primitive people, so that they could defend themselves against their neighbors, armed by the evil Klingons, and, more important, so that they could defend the Federation against the Klingons.

In justifying his action, Kirk referred to a similar situation in the mid-Twentieth century, but that occurred in the period of barbarism which began with the so-called First World War and ended with the Final War. The policies of that age are no model for a civilized people to follow. On this occasion, Kirk apparently acted under the influence of a drug; McCoy should have put him in sick bay. But he has interfered with the history of other peoples before, by himself, according to his ideas of what should be done.

Kirk's morals are a set of words and actions imposed on him. They are not part of his character. The Kirk in the parallel universe had learned other words and actions. Though the mirror Spock has integrity and the mirror McCoy humanity, the mirror Kirk is (or was; he must be dead by now) a thorough going rat. The only redeeming quality in either Kirk is a deep-hidden humanity that occasionally, unexpectedly, surfaces. When it does, it's like finding a diamond ring at a beach.

Fortunately 'our' Kirk lives in a less repellent society and obeys its laws. And he has Spock for a logical conscience and McCoy as a humane conscience.

****

Acknowledgments

The Langsam - Comerford Archives
The Meech Archives
Ruth Berman
William Shatner

We are soliciting for SPOCKanalia #3

Articles and artwork. Material must take the viewpoint that STAR TREK is the real, present universe. Submissions greedily awaited by yeds - DEADLINE June 15.

Things are Seldom What They Seem

(with apologies to W.S. Gilbert)

by Ruth Berman

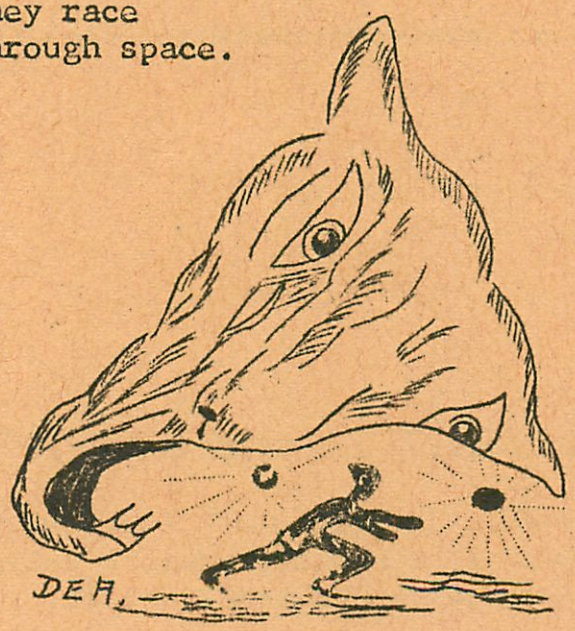
Things are seldom what they seem.
Aliens cheat the eye with dreams.
Where no man has gone before
We find spaceships by the score.
(Our plots need
Logs to read.)

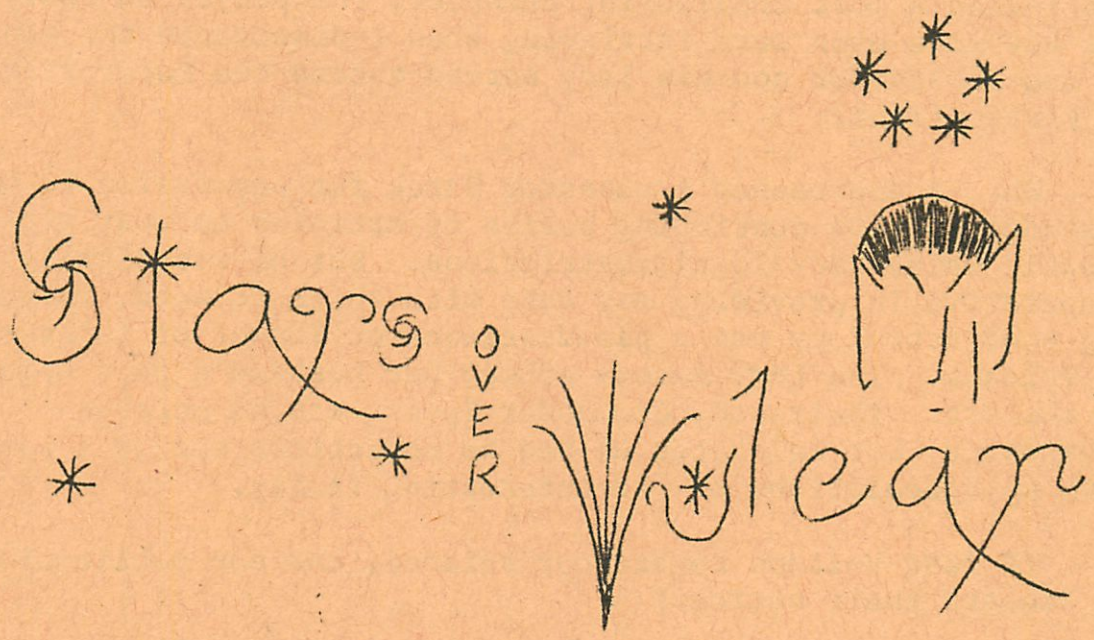
No one's married on our ship.
We are on a five-year trip.
Kirk may pine for womankind.
No one else here seems to mind.
(Off the stage
We act our age.)

Turns the helm and warps the space.
Mr. Spock feels out of place.
Kirk's a martinet, we fear.
McCoy must keep their minds in gear.
(So he must,
Or we'll bust.)

So to keep their brains in function,
By his healing, by his healing,
He must probe without compunction
Every feeling, every feeling.

Spock will not admit to feeling.
Kirk won't say when he is reeling.
Both of them are double-dealing
As they race
On through space.





by V.A.H. Nietz, Corresponding secretary,
Society for the Preservation and Cultivation of Astrology
(Ninth Quadrant Chapter)

(Reprinted from Galactic Astrology Quarterly)

My first acquaintance with a most intriguing astrological family relationship occurred during my first term of service as translator to Her Excellency the Matriarch Donfan. As I noted in previous articles, the Sector Five General Consul session provided me with many rich opportunities to observe the peoples and gather varying astrological information from a number of highly divergent cultures. Among the delegates to the General Consul Session was Ambassador Sarek of Vulcan, and I noted the exceptional fact that his wife, the Lady Amanda, was an Earthwoman.

It was not until some time later, while still serving her Excellency, I again met the distinguished ambassador from Vulcan and his wife. We were passengers aboard a Starship, the USS Enterprise, enroute to an extraordinary council session. At that time I had already begun the fascinating project of charting and analyzing family relationships among persons of widely differing backgrounds, and the family of Sarek

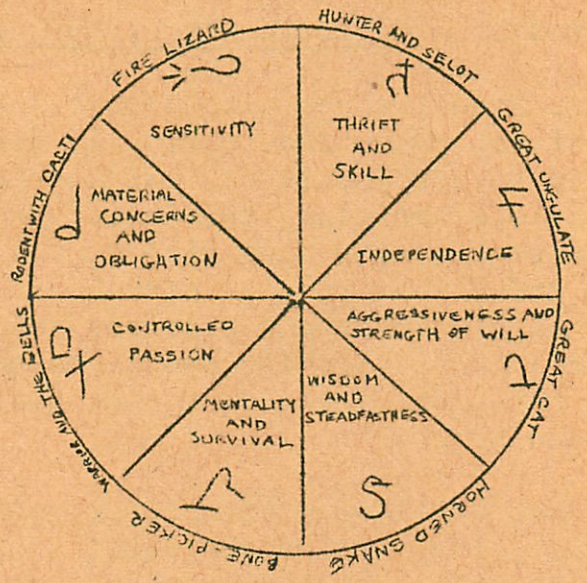
was indeed a most challenging prospect. The projected analysis was made even more intriguing when I discovered the son of the ambassador and his lady served aboard the Enterprise as First Officer.

When I approached Ambassador Sarek for permission to use his name in this continuing series of articles he most graciously waived any legal restrictions. But he was totally uncooperative in providing any data with which to work, remarking that astrology was a pseudoscience no longer of interest to Vulcans. The Lady Amanda echoed her husband's poor opinion of the art. Their son, Commander Spock, was no more enthusiastic; but he stated he had no objections should I publish my speculations on his interesting family.

(I fear Vulcans regard our science, and our publication, as beneath their notice.)

And there the matter remained until a short time ago.

CHART 1: VULCAN ASTROLOGY HOUSES



By greatest good fortune, in my capacity as Corresponding Secretary for the Society, I made the acquaintance of the Lady T'Plai of Vulcan. She is one of the few of her race to preserve an interest in our ancient and venerable science. Further, the Lady T'Plai knew Sarek's family well (in fact, knew the ambassador's father), and had kept astrological charts and records for them, as she had for many of her Vulcan neighbors and relatives. (For which, I gather, this charming and intelligent woman is treated with some amount of gentle scorn for the pursuance of what she calls "my diversion".) Unfortunately, the Lady T'Plai is now elderly, and her memory is not what it has been. She has mislaid many of her record tapes and I am left with the barest fragmentary information-far more, however, than I acquired from Sarek and his family. Herewith the results of collaboration between the Lady T'Plai and myself.

Like the majority of humanoid societies comprising our Federation, the Vulcans have an astrological tradition in their history. They studied their constellations and charted their planets as did we all, to gain tools for directing life paths. Currently, the Vulcans have relegated astrology to the less pulled banks of their tape libraries, scorning even the memory, and these histories are studied only by a few such dedicated souls as the Lady T'Plai.

The Vulcan zodiac, because of the nature of its solar system and planetary orbit, includes only eight signs. (Chart 1.) For the purposes of this article, we will treat in detail only those houses which pertain to the family under study, beginning with the son, Commander Spock.

His is a particularly fascinating chart. (Chart 2.) Since he is the son of a Vulcan and an Earthwoman, though he was born on Vulcan certain human perturbations are displayed in his chart. The Lady T'Plai has noted that Spock-son-of-Sarek was born under the sign (which I have loosely translated) The Warrior And The Bells. Unfortunately, refined data, such as day, hour, and minute (corrected to the Vulcan equivalent of G.M.T.) have been lost. The Lady <u>believes</u> Commander Spock was born on the cusp of the Bone-Picker house, and we will accept her estimate for working purposes.

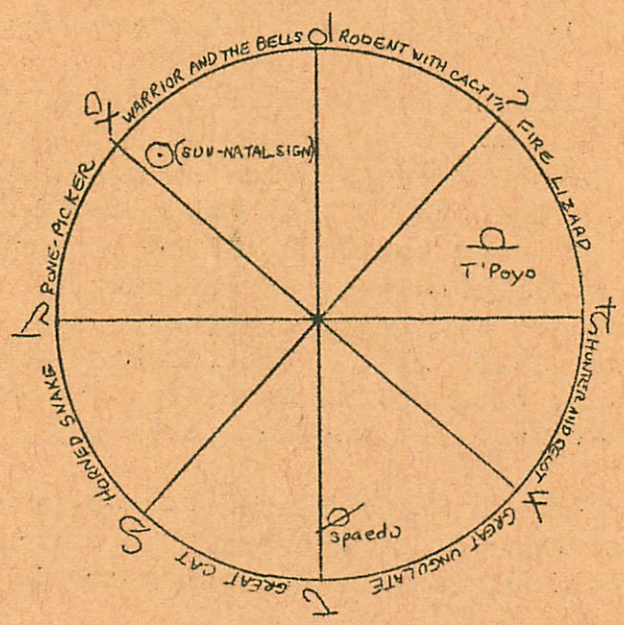
As you can see, in a Terran horoscope this would reduce us to no more than a rough chart by general birth sign alone. But the Vulcan solar system contains two prominent planets

with extremely long revolutions, and due to the involved mechanics of their orbits and of Vulcan these two bodies remain constant within certain zodaical signs for almost an Earth decade. We can be almost certain of their location within Commander Spock's chart, as noted.

The essence of his birth sign, The Warrior And The Bells, is controlled passion. This constellation is always accompanied in ancient Vulcan charts by the nearby (non-zodaical) constellation of The Maiden. We understand from certain veiled references by the Lady T'Plai that this super constellation has some important significance in Vulcan history, and we can only conjecture that perhaps in the mythology of the Vulcan past The Warrior and The Maiden were lovers. The symbolism of The Bells and of a sub-constellation called Lirba or Lirpa is unknown, and the Lady T'Plai seemed reluctant to comment on the subject.

In Spock's chart the planet T'Poyo (a feminine or passive symbol) lies in the sign of The Fire Lizard. T'Poyo signifies

CHART 2: COMMANDER SPOCK



Adaptability and Individuality, and since the planet lies in trine aspect to Spock's natal sign these characteristics would be underlined in his personality, or so one would predict.

Spaedu, a masculine symbol and a planet associated with Constancy and Order, falls in the house of The Great Ungulate, untrined. During the Empire period of Vulcan's early history, this planet was much favored, and it was considered good fortune for a male child to be born with Spaedu underlining desired characteristics. When the Vulcans pursued a more savage and aggressive course, Spaedu was less highly regarded; but when the civilization entered a more settled period, just prior to its great shift toward complete order, the symbolism of Spaedu assumed more prominence. Now of course, the Vulcans by and large ignore all such occult influences. It might be interesting to note, however, that a secondary characteristic of Spaedu is Loyalty, which might well counter the Independence which accompanies the sign of The Great Ungulate, and further would be a valuable attribute for a Star Fleet officer.

With Spaedu - Order, constancy, loyalty - in sign of The Great Ungulate (Independence), and T'Poyo - adaptability, individuality - in the sign of The Fire Lizard (Sensitivity), Commander Spock may well be at war with himself within his own nature. As we will see from further study, his chart does not blend at all well with the others in his family.

Since Commander Spock is only part Vulcan, some consideration must be made of the influences of the stars over his mother's home planet, even though Spock himself was born on Vulcan, Serious students of astrology are well aware of such once-removed astral influence, and through reverse calculation we are able to make a rough computation. This has been a complicated but rewarding endeavor undertaken by the Lady T'Plai, who pursued her hobby with characteristic Vulcan thoroughness. She traced Spock's astral influences back to the ruling sign when his mother left the planet Earth and arrived at the conclusions we will note. Would that time had been kind to her records; all that remains is a brief and cryptic entry which we here reproduce in full.

"Aries, cusp of Pisces, born under the negative

section of First Decantes, yearly ruling planet Sun(?) The Decan would indicate too much concern for trivialities combined with a fiery disposition - unfortunate readings for a Vulcan child. Further difficulties are caused by lack of understanding and experience. I have observed Spock-son-of-Sarek and have no doubt he will perservere to overcome these tendencies. The influence of the yearly planet (though I continue to be puzzled by this designation in Earth astrology, even primitive astrology, which would place a primary body as a 'planet') Sun, falling in Aries, is very strong, a very favorable and masculine sign, with a prediction of great and important things for the individual. It is balanced by a tendency toward haughtiness, makes the person very unpliant in his beliefs, particularly regarding the right or wrong of his actions, often to his hurt. One would hope T'Poyo's beneficient gift of adaptability would overcome the lingering pangs of this maternal sign.

T'Plai, Ty.10578 (Old Era Computation)"

It is easy to understand the good lady's concern when we calculate the strengths and weaknesses of his Earth astral vibrations combined with Spock's Vulcan chart. Particularly when one considers T'Poyo in The Fire Lizard - The Fire Lizard's sensitivity often flares into touchiness, making Spock's adjustment to his unusual family situation even more difficult.

Matters seem worse when we discover the Lady T'Plai's notations on Ambassador Sarek, Commander Spock's father. (Chart 3) As we see, Sarek's natal sign is The Great Cat on the cusp of The Horned Snake - T'Poyo lying in The Rodent With Cacti, and Spaedu in the sign of The Warrior And The Bells. Further, this is in trine aspect to Spock's Vulcan chart, intensifying all traits, particularly the finer ones, of course, but the strife-causing ones as well. And, in Vulcan terms, the "finer traits" often conflict painfully with personality influences Spock has acquired from his human astral bent.

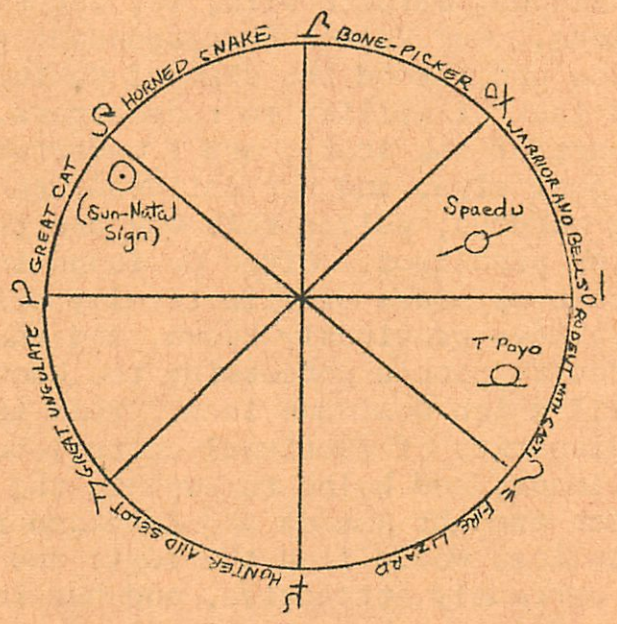
The Great Cat is the ancient house of Strength of Will and Aggressiveness, though just prior to their World Federa-

tion the Vulcans tended to denigrate the aggressive indications of this sign; it displeased their developing ethos of logic and was considered uncivilized. Nevertheless, this intensely masculine symbol is co-ruler of Sarek's birth sign.

T'Poyo, on Sarek's chart, lies in The Rodent With Cacti, governing material concern and obligation. The Rodent was often regarded, in antiquity, as the sign of The Tribe, and was regarded as a sign intimately connected with the well being of the people in general, not at all a bad sign to influence an ambassador.

The great male planet Spaedu lies squarely in The Warrior And The Bells. In the most early records available to us on the history of Vulcan Spaedu in The Warrior was especially auspicious for a male child, promising a son who would be mighty in battle and a valued defender of the tribe and home planet. Later, for obvious reasons, the sign was treated as unfortunate, a prediction this son would have difficulty controlling his individuality and temper and aggressiveness,

CHART 3: AMBASSADOR SAREK



and in adapting to the peaceful and logical behavior the Vulcans were making their own in their successful attempt to avoid racial suicide.

Therefore, both Ambassador Sarek and Commander Spock have in their charts very strong elements of will and aggressiveness, and the trine aspect intensifies these tendencies. Further, there would be conflict between Sarek's ruling element (through Rodent With Cacti) of material concern - i.e., for the good of the people and the planet - and obligation, and Spock's ruling planet in The Great Ungulate with its drive toward Independence. Spock's earth sign via maternal influence does not fit well either, and it is easy to see the astrological pressures which caused the tension so apparent to delegates and aides aboard the USS Enterprise during that historic trip to planetoid Babel. Vulcan reserve did not allow open hostility to appear between Ambassador Sarek and his son, but it was plain to even the most unobservant that there was a contest of will in progress.

Interestingly, if overheard conversations are to be believed, Commander Spock dealt with a severe division of loyalties - filial and service - on that journey, and due to favorable astral influences was able to satisfy both.

The Lady Amanda, Sarek's wife, is, according to the Lady T'Plai, a Geminan. Our Vulcan correspondent gave this short note, saying she understood the sign of Gemini to be that of friendship and lack of ability to concentrate. Of course, this is only part of the story, and I undertook to elaborate. Gemini is the dual sign, and her children are often tugged by two varying natures, pulled this way and that by astral currents, living pendulums. Often Geminans in their quest for new ways take up modes of life totally different than that which they have previously known, and they are particularly attracted to people possessing the knowledge and steadfastness of will which Geminans lack. This is intriguing in light of the disparity of emotional control between Earth natives and Vulcans, and helps to explain the source of the attraction which brought Amanda and Ambassador Sarek together. Obviously, a Geminan would find the logic and orderliness of Sarek's chart extremely attractive, and her inborn desire to reach for new and (to her) automatically superior things would underline her drive toward a Vulcan union once she had

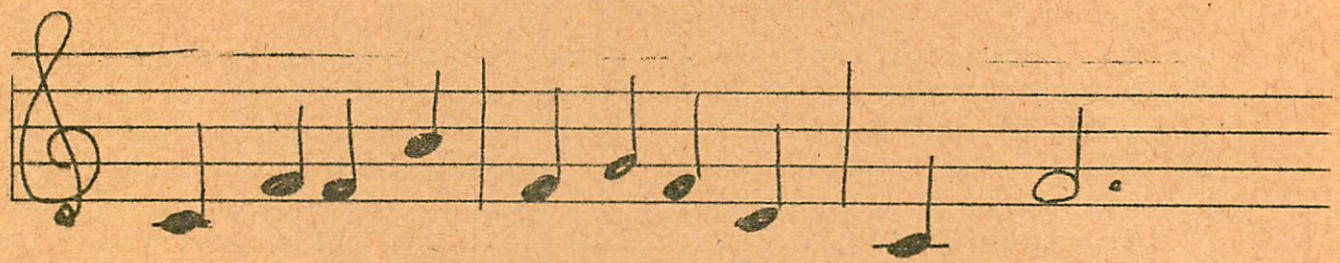
met the people of that planet. More puzzling perhaps is the reciprocal attraction of Ambassador Sarek for this emotional and dual natured Earthwoman in preference to a Vulcan match. Perhaps we may find a clue in remembering that his Spaedu sits directly in the sign of The Warrior And The Bells, with all its implications of controlled passion. It is possible the strong influences marked by this planet and its essence of masculinity rendered Sarek more susceptible than usual to the appeal of an emotion governed and adaptable human female.

Indeed an engrossing study, this family: Mother - Gemini (with all that implies, as I'm sure you serious student readers comprehend); Father - The Great Cat (with its aggressiveness); and son The Warrior And The Bells (with controlled passion).

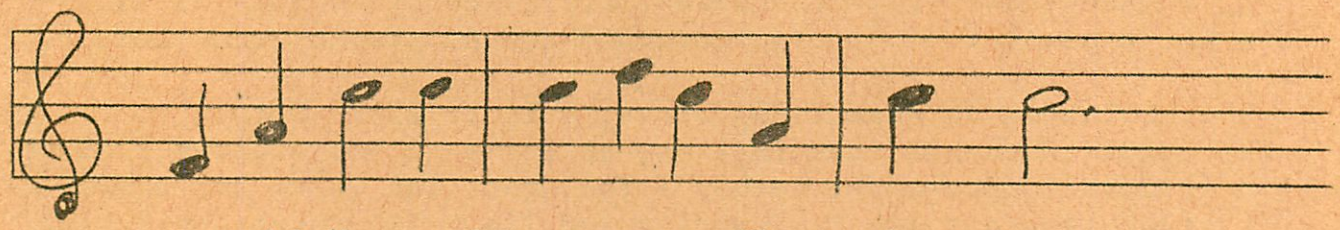
Further discussion is invited on this project, and correspondence from other travelers to the Babel conference who might have additional insights on this family are heartily welcomed.

BACK IN THE GOOD OLD DAYS
BEFORE ... SIGH.... THE NIELSENS
WENT BAD, I WAS EXECUTIVE OFFICER.

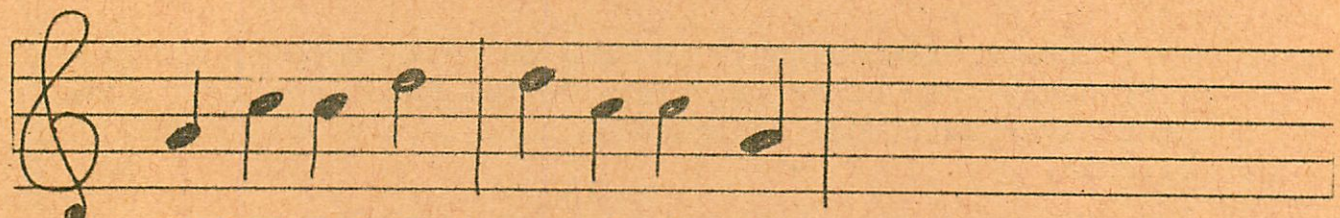
MORE ILLOGICAL VERSES



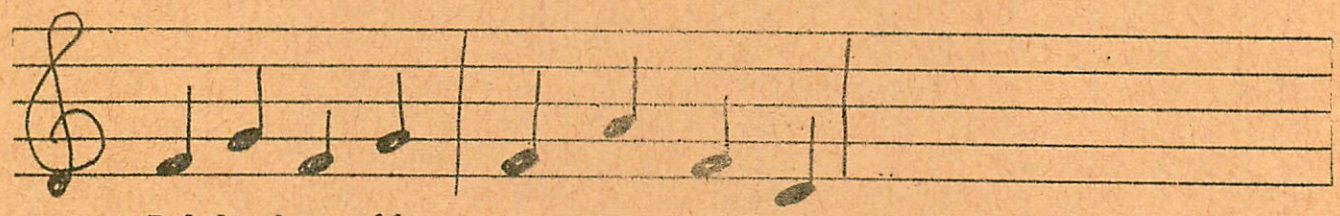
I wish there real-ly was a Mis - ter Spock



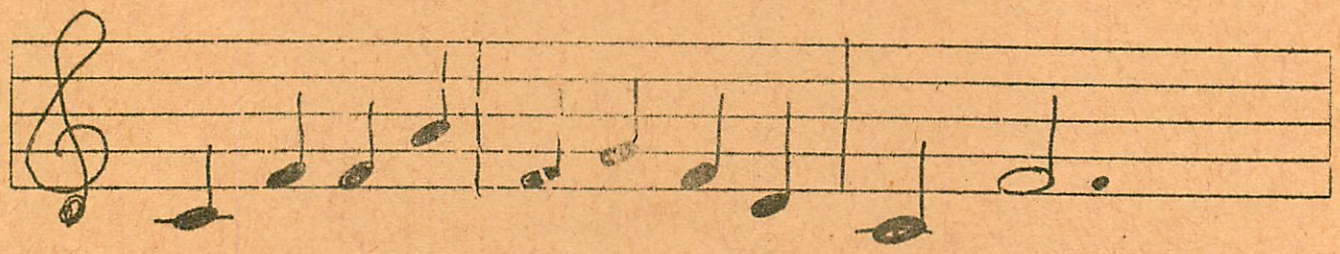
I wish there real-ly was a Mis - ter Spock—



If there real-ly was a Spock - Gene



Rod-den-ber-ry'd be in shock - I



wish there real - ly was a Mis - ter Spock.

Devra Michele Langsam

I wish I was a girl with pointed ears,
I wish I was a girl with pointed ears --
I wish that I had pointed ears
Especially every seven years;
I wish I was a girl with pointed ears.

Kathy Bushman

THE DOUR SCOTS ENGINEER

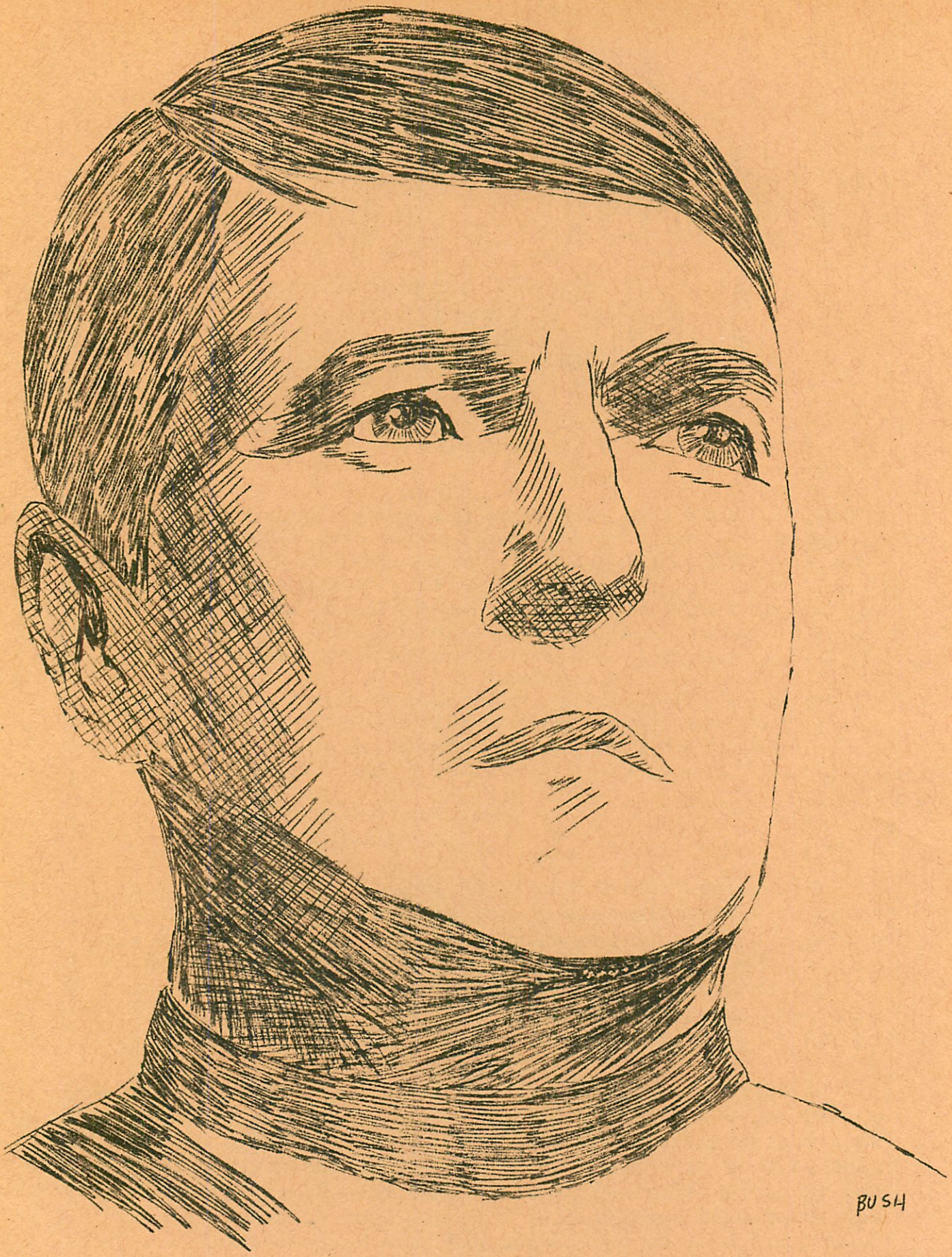
by Ruth Berman

"Lord, send a man like Robbie Burns to sing the Song o' Steam!
To match wi' Scotia's noblest speech yon orchestra sublime
Whaurto - uplifted like the Juse - the tailrods mark the time.
The Crank-throws give the double-bass, the feed-pump sobs and heaves,
An' now the main eccentrics start their quarrel on the sheaves:
Her time, her own appointed time, the rocking link-head bides,
Till - hear that note? - the rod's return whings glimmerin' through
the guides.
They're all awa'! True beat, full power, the clanging chorus goes
Clear to the tunnel where they sit, my purrin' dynamoes.
Interdependence absolute, foreseen, ordained, decreed,
To work, Ye'll note, at ony tilt an' every rate o' speed."

from "McAndrew's Hymn"
Rudyard Kipling

With appropriate changes of jargon - a few lithium crystals, an anti-matter pod or so, and some impulse and warp drives - Lieutenant Commander Montgomery Scott, Chief Engineer of the Starship Enterprise, could take McAndrew's hymn for his own. The truth of the matter is, Scotty fits a stereotype - or perhaps I should say the stereotype fits him, considering that the manner seems to come to him naturally.

I suppose the stereotype began in the nineteenth century, when Glasgow was the center of the ship-building industry and when the steam-ship was invented. It's reasonable enough that so many of the men capable of understanding and running the new scientific wonder would come from Scotland, where the new ships were being built, that the idea of a ship's engineer would come to be stereotyped as a Scotsman. (1)


BUSH

But the stereotype of a ship's engineer as a Scotsman depended on a more general stereotype: that of the Scot. It is, however, a stereotype set up mostly by Scottish writers who knew and loved their country, and so does not have the connotations of drearily flat or unfavorable often associated with "stereotype." It does not, for example, include the idea of the Scot as a tightwad.

Scottish literature is a good deal older than "Robbie Burns." In the early fifteenth century, when nothing much worth reading was being produced in England, Scots like William Dunbar and Robert Henrison were writing excellent poems in a dialect that is easier to understand after a dose of Burns or R.L. Stevenson than an English writer like Chaucer, their near-contemporary. Fans of T.H. White's The Sword in the Stone may remember the falcons' song, "Timor mortis exultat me." It is a parody of Dunbar's "Timor mortis conturbat me" ("Fear of death terrifies me"). The austere morality associated with the stereotype of the Scot appears in Dunbar's and Henrison's poems.

Robert Burns in the eighteenth century and Sir Walter Scott (when he wasn't being Ivanhoe-ishly medieval) in the early nineteenth century re-discovered the Scottish literary tradition. But in the late nineteenth century there was suddenly a quantity of Scottish writers: George MacDonald (now known only for his fairy tales), Robert Louis Stevenson, J. M. Barrie (in his stories about the village of "Thrums" and in some of his plays, such as What Every Woman Knows.) Critics of the period coined a name for them, there were so many, and called them the kailyard school (like saying "the cabbage-patch school").

And outsiders picked up the image. Kipling, an Englishman brought up in India, was the first I know of to deal much with the Scots engineer, but, between the fascination of ships and power and the new popularity of Scottish characters, the figure caught on. In the 1930's the Saturday Evening Post had a whole series of "Colin Glencannon" stories by Guy Gilpatrick. And the sea-story movies of the 30's and 40's were full of Scottish engineers responding to cries of "More steam!" from the bridge with a ritual grumble of "Aye, sir, but the engines canna ("willna" optional) take much more o' this."

The image has faded now. I have never read a Colin Glencannon story, and I have no conscious recollection of seeing those old movies, and yet, like everyone else, I know the stereotype. As a result, Scotty is at once pleasantly familiar and interestingly new (to me and, I suspect, to most).

Aside from his extreme love of machinery, the figure of the Scots engineer is just like the general figure of the Scotsman developed by the kailyard school and their imitators. He is dour, of course - but, I suspect, more as a counterbalance to the lightness in foreigners than when by himself. When McAndrews speaks of himself as "the dour Scots engineer," he is talking about what the passengers think he is. When Scotty answered Kirk's order to repair an antiquated machine (2) with "I'll do my best, sir, and I can guarantee it willna be good enough," and, when he called to announce, "Sir, my brilliant improvization just broke down," he was quite enjoying the chance of gloomily rebuking Kirk's semi-conscious belief that Scott can do anything with machines.

He was also enjoying the chance of telling unpleasant truths. It is another facet of the stereotype of the Scot that he adores the truth with such a passion that he prefers telling unpleasant truths, so that the beauty of truthfulness may not be obscured by the irrelevant happiness produced by pleasure.

Pleasure in unpleasant truths generally goes along with a belief that most truths are, in fact, unpleasant and - in the stereotype of the Scot - with Calvinism. Scotty may differ a little from the stereotype here, unless McCoy's joke about Scott's jealous hatred of Apollo referred only to Greek gods: "Scotty doesn't believe in Gods." (3)

But if Scotty is not literally a Calvinist, he has the Calvinistic temperament: pessimistic, controlled, orderly (note the parallel McAndrews finds between the inevitable workings of his machines and those of Predestination), and devoted to duty.

Of course, everyone on the Enterprise is devoted to duty. Like Gilbert and Sullivan's Frederick in <u>The Pirates of Penzance</u>, they are slaves of duty. But there are different kinds of devotion. Kirk, who is most concerned with duty and

who is faced oftenest with conflicts between duties or between personal interests and duties, has to struggle with himself to find out what he should do and then do it. Spock and Scotty know instantly what they should do and simply do it. But there is a difference again. Scott responds to a conflict with stubborn anger; Spock responds with quiet misery (equally stubborn).

For instance, it was typical of Spock that, when he came up to Kirk to register what he knew to be a useless protest (4) (that Kirk should not assume that the strangers were enemies and so try to kill them - despite strong evidence that Kirk's assumption was correct), he stood by Kirk's chair, head hanging like a small boy about to confess to wrong-doing, and silently waited for Kirk to tell him to speak. Scotty, faced with a similar problem of disagreeing with a superior officer, (5) told the Ambassador straight out - almost rudely - that he would not lower the ship's defenses. Duty is duty in Scott's world, and when duties conflict, Scott goes straight for the higher duty (for instance, pulling a phaser on Spock to stop him from beaming down to the infected planet). (6) He relieves his inner conflict by anger instead of taking time out to worry (as Kirk does) or to feel miserable (as Spock does).

A Scot named Scott with a thick Scottish burr - it would be ridiculous, except that Scotty has the inner character - the independence of mind, the orderly control of thought and emotion (though not quite to the extremes of repression found in Spock) - which should go with that outward caricature and which make the man as dignified (and as likeable) as he is humorous.

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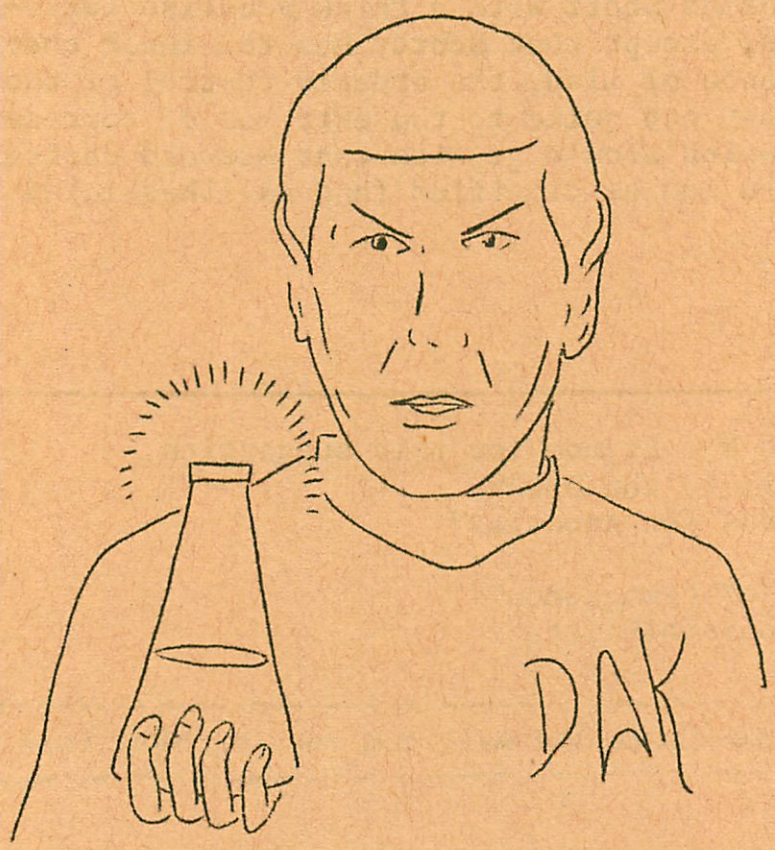
(1) Thanks to Nan Braude for this suggestion.
(2) "The Devil in the Dark"
(3) "Who Mourns for Adonais?"
(4) "Arena"
(5) "A Taste of Armageddon"
(6) "Operation:Annihilate"

StarDate:6721
condition:confused

by Poul Anderson

Kirk speaks:

I think that I shall never grok
A man as logical as Spock.
A Spock who, when I start to cuss,
Looks only supercilious.
A Spock who, when the dangers press,
Remains so damn emotionless.
A Spock who, when the phasers flare,
Does not unsleek a single hair.
My troubles often make me rock,
But only God can shake a Spock.



MY NAME IS NOT PAUL

by DEA

In a very expensive club on the Moon, two doctors were talking about their most unusual surgery cases.

The first doctor said, "Yes, I had a very strange case once; it was so weird that I will never forget it. One day a young actor from Hollywood came to my office asking for help. He wanted me to operate on his ears. When he took off his hat, I was amazed to see that they were faun-like and pointed. They even started twitching when I touched them. I asked him if he had been born this way. I thought at first that it was some sort of mutation. He corrected me.

" 'No, doctor,' he said, 'this is something else. You see, we just finished a science fiction film in our studio, in which I had to play a satyr-like alien from a different planet. I was delighted at first by the custom-fitted rubber ear points which I had to wear for the part, and since we had a very short time to shoot this film....I kept the things on for several weeks. When the film was finished, I found to my horror that the false ears had become a part of me. I just cannot get rid of them. Now my ears bleed when I try to cut down the points with a razor.

" 'It's real, doctor, and I will lose my sanity if you don't help me.'

"His voice was completely emotionless as he told his story, but I felt the hair rise on my scalp. I made a speedy appointment for the operation, and told him not to worry. Of course, at the time I didn't believe his story. It was medically impossible, and I reserved judgment on its origins."

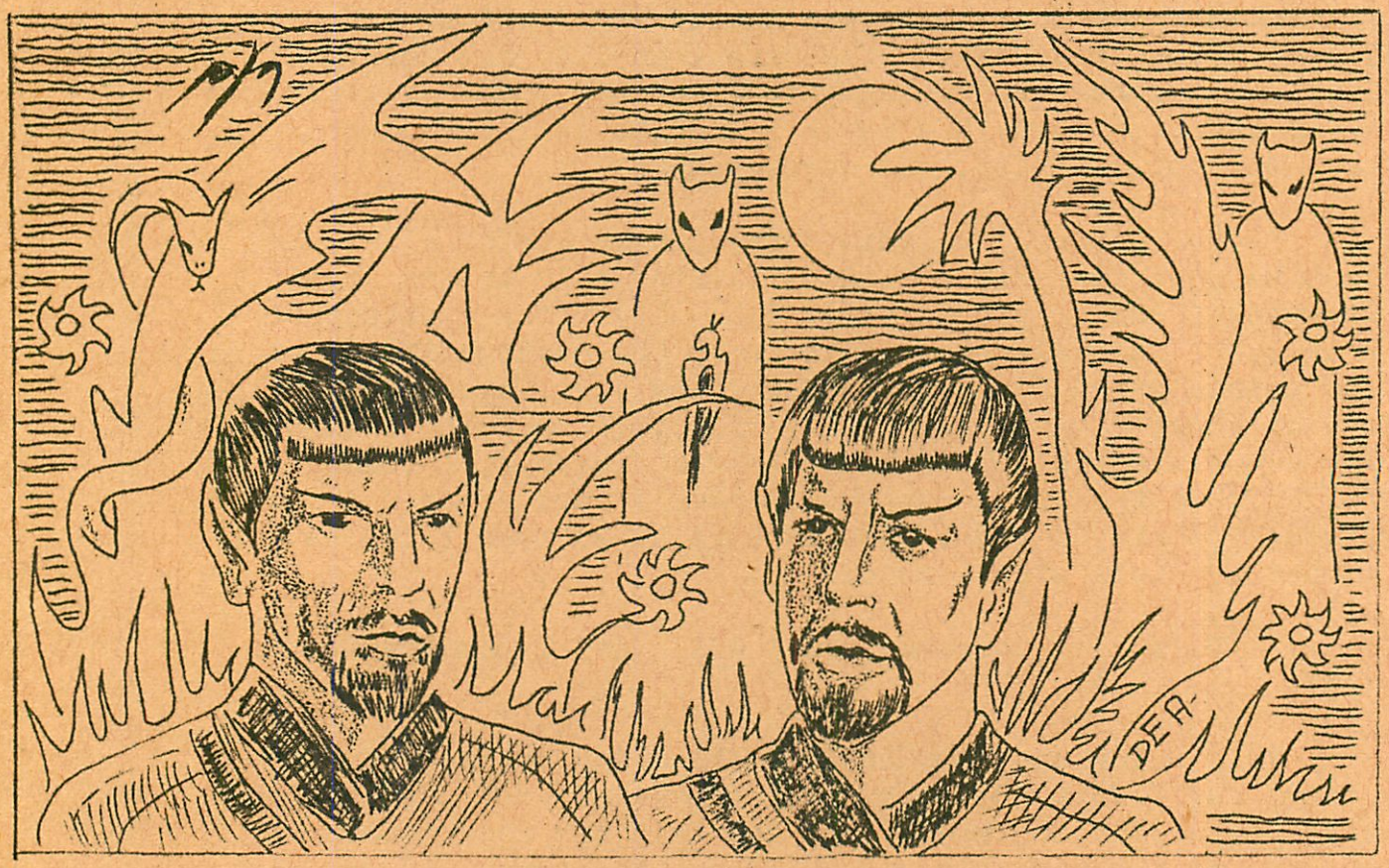
The second doctor sounded awed. "Then of course, after the operation the patient was all right?"

"Yes. I trimmed down and reshaped his pointed ears to their original form, and he left the hospital very shortly as a happy man. I closed the case as a successful and simple job, origin unknown. I thought the patient was completely cured. Later there was a weird complication."

"And what was that?"

"I met him in the street several months later, and he said he was okay. After a few words he showed me a manuscript of his next film. He told me, 'Doctor, I finally got a leading role. I have always dreamed of this. With a part like this I can use my talent. I can be a star. No more struggle for me, no more bit parts.'

"I wished him luck, and he thanked me. Later I saw him in that film. He was great. He played an Italian lover called



Casanova; there was no end of the many beautiful women to whom this character, Casanova, made love. I was glad to see him playing the part with all his charm and talent... then almost at the end of the film I noticed something which made me uneasy. His ears were out of shape. He played the part so convincingly that the strain brought out that strange animal-like ailment of his. As soon as the film was finished, he was back in my office, and this time he seemed crushed.

" 'Look, doctor,' he said in a hushed voice, pointing to his satyr-like ears, 'these things have grown back again. How can I face life like this? My public... My wife and children won't even look at me. I need your help again.'

"I looked at his ears and started to shake my head in the face of the unknown. Then I took a second look, and what I saw on his face changed my mind. I had to find a way to cure this man. I had to stop this strange ailment before it gained the power to change him to an utterly alien being. I didn't tell him my fears; I gave him some pills to calm his nerves, and promised to try to cure him."

The second doctor spoke up nervously. "So you operated again to save this man and your sanity."

"I consulted several specialists. I won't go into details...his case was studied and examined by so many scientists that I get lost just listening to their theories and ideas. My work was the simplest. When he got back his natural looking ears, we put him into a private sanatorium, where three of my colleagues worked with him. It wasn't just a simple, normal psychotherapy. Before we were through with him, we tried new drugs and brainwashing, until he became a helpless, sobbing nothing. We went to the very core of his mind, to find anything unnatural - to pry out and cure him of any belief that he was different from other humans.

"We found nothing. So we rebuilt his shattered mind from the pieces, and we told him he was cured and completely well. We let him go back to his family and to work."

"Did he ever come back again?"

"He was cured. He never came back. I have kept my eye on him, and on his career, and I was glad to see him making a name for himself in Hollywood, even though he seems to retain only half of his former talent."

"And what kind of character roles is he playing, now?"

At this point, a third party lifted himself from a deep chair and came slowly toward the two doctors. He was tall,

and he had a nice build. He looked almost human, except for his faun-like ears.

The first doctor cried out in surprise, "Paul!"

"My name is not Paul," said the alien in a deep, soft voice, "but you know me, doctor....and I....I remember you well."

His hand went out in a friendly manner, and gripped the doctor on the shoulder, close to the neck. After he let the limp body fall, his hand reached for the next one.

Before he left the room, he bent down over the two unconscious forms. "You both will remember nothing....when you awaken, doctors," he said. "This little secret remains my own."

HAVE TO HURRY AND MEET
WITH THE REST OF MYSELF.

THE ILLOGICAL T'PRING

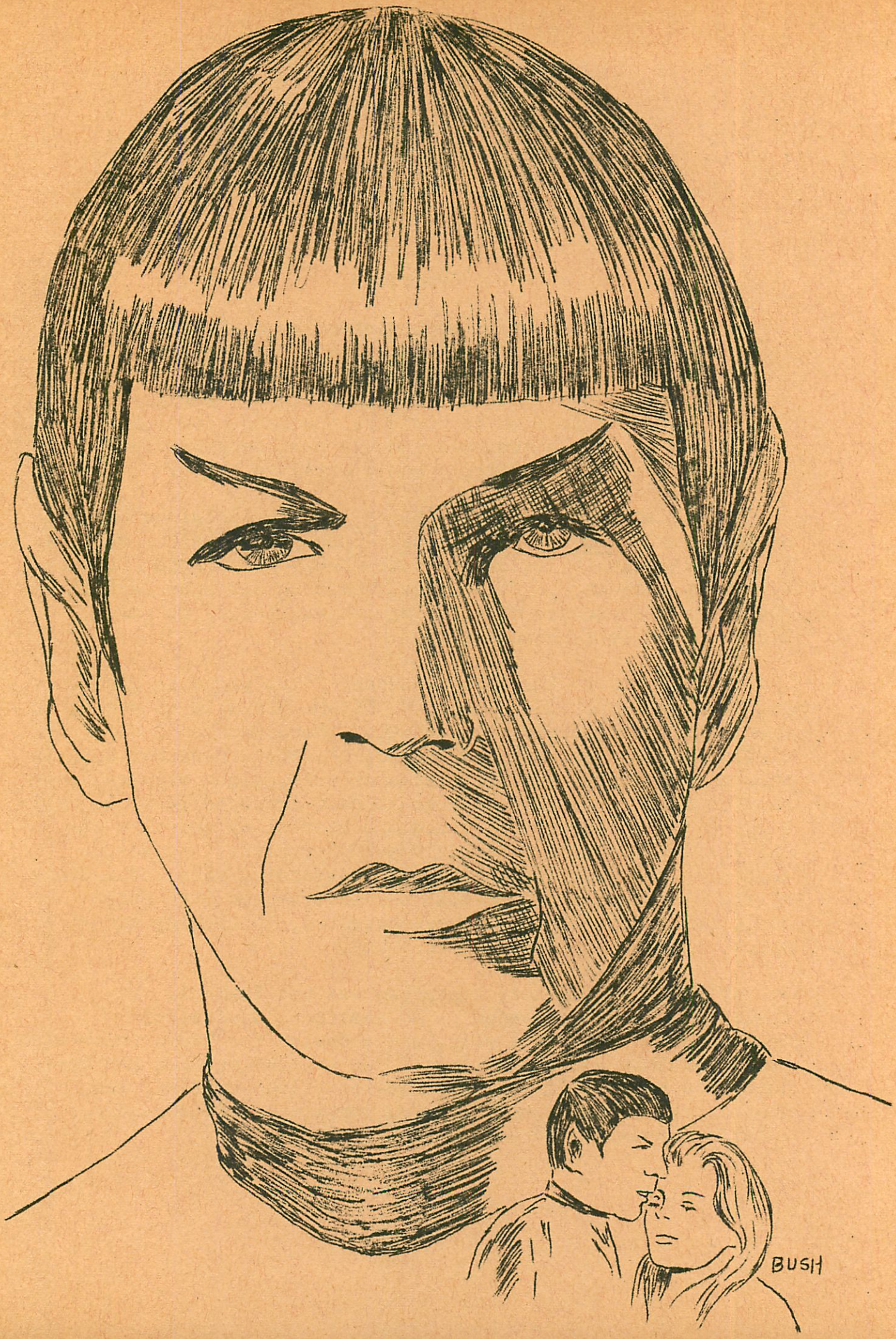
by Sherna Comerford

> "If your Captain were victor, he would not want me, and so I would have Stonn. If you were victor, you would free me because I dared to challenge, and again I would have Stonn. But if you did not free me it would be the same, for you would be gone again, and I would have your name and your property, and Stonn would still be there."

These are the words of T'Pring, as she explained her behavior at the koon-ut-kal-if-fee. Spock accepted the reasoning as "flawlessly logical." Spock had just emerged from an agonizing madness, to find himself holding his dead Captain, and he may be excused if his judgment was not up to par. T'Pring's logic is flawed indeed.

The key is in the last sentence. "You would be gone... and Stonn would still be there." If she was able to accept so openly this adulterous relationship, there was no need for the challenge. Had she not challenged, she would have had Spock's name and property, and her status as wife, along with the company of Stonn. At best, she could have expected from the challenge a legal slavery (she became a chattel by choosing the kal-if-fee) to Stonn, without Spock's property, and at the cost of a sentient life. The only advantage, measured against myriad disadvantages, was that her association with Stonn would be legalized; and she demonstrated, in talking with Spock, that this was not a necessity.

T'Pring's behavior, therefore was not logical. It could only have been based on an emotional desire for legal status as Stonn's wife, and a desire for Stonn which also has a possibly emotional basis. One wonders whether her behavior is typical of some elements of Vulcan culture, and whether, in reaction to the human portion of his ancestry, Spock's standards are not unusually high.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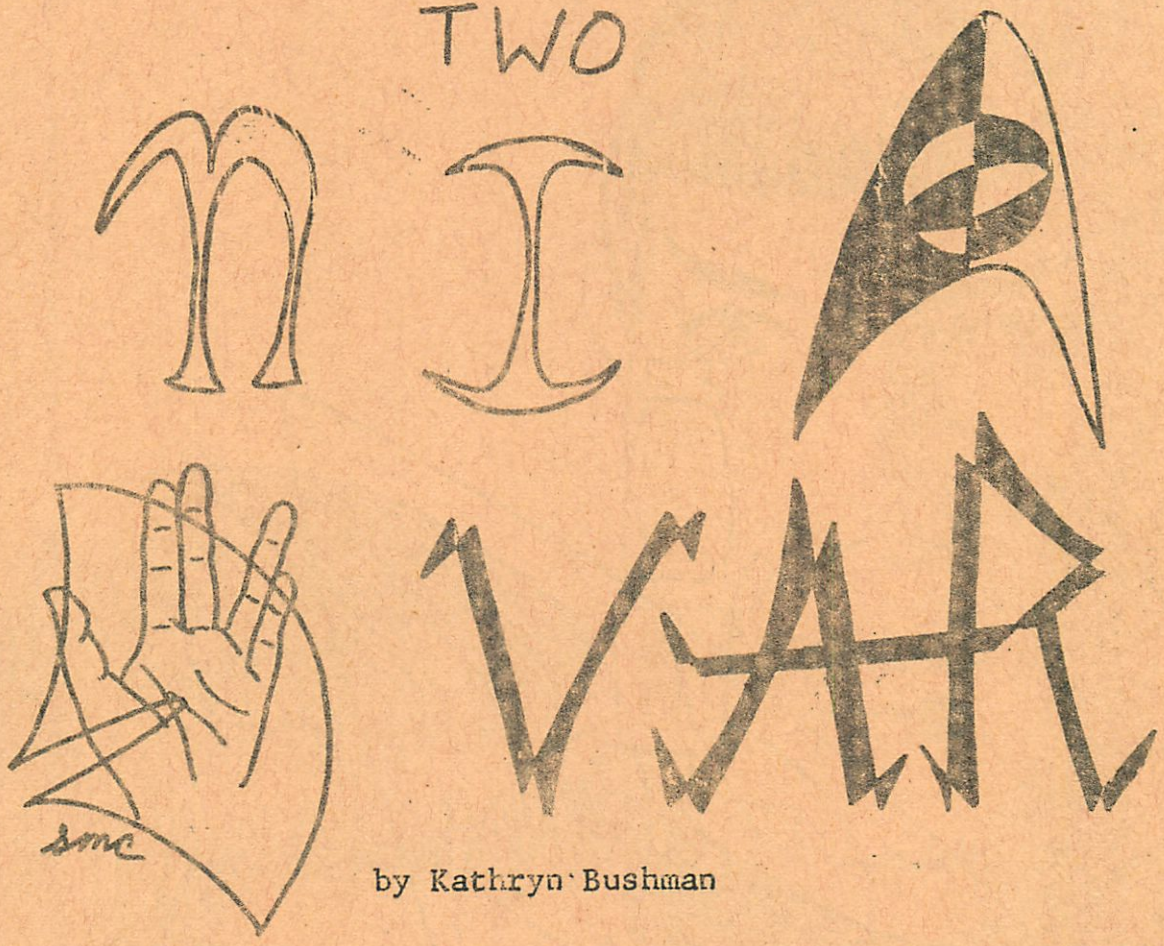
TWO NI VAR



by Kathryn Bushman

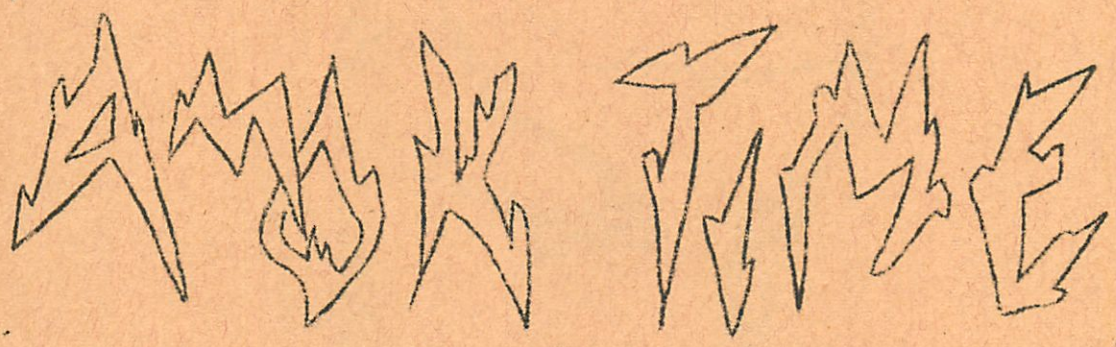
The ni var is a classical Vulcan art form, first reported by Federation anthropologist Dorothy Jones. In a ni var, the artist or author compares and contrasts two aspects of the same thing.

The first drawing represents the Vulcan and the human Mr. Spock. As always, Spock's Vulcan self overpowers his human aspect, nearly, but not quite, overwhelming it.

In the second drawing, Mr. Spock of the USS Enterprise is contrasted with his alternate from the ISS Enterprise. While they are two separate personalities, they are joined by the combined symbols of their services.

It is hard to date these drawings, but we must assume that they were done in Spock's earlier years. Despite the use of the Vulcan ni var form, the signature is not Vulcan. Perhaps the drawings are the work of a Federation art student. It is unlikely, however, that we shall ever be able to verify this.

BUSH



by Shirley Meech

Remember Vulcan, remember home.
Remember the warmth of the sun, the hot wind.
It would be good to go home again....
(Illogical. There is work to be done.)

Remember Vulcan, remember home.
Vulcan, sun blazing. Vulcan, home.
Land of my fathers. (Control this.) Home.

Vulcan, sun blazing. Vulcan, home.
The burning red sky and the touch of the wind.
The sound of the ringing of bells in the wind....
(I will not remember.) Vulcan, home.

The sound of the bells in the wind. Vulcan,
Home. Seven years old -- (no, control,
Control it!) The sound of the bells
In the wind, the hot wind.

The red sky of Vulcan. Vulcan, home.
The ringing of bells and the fire of the sun.
Seven years old and -- (Resist it, stop.
I do not remember, will not, will NOT!)

Seven years old and the ringing of bells,
THEIR FACES looking down at me,
And beside me, T'Pring -- T'Pring! Pon farr!
(Not true! The human blood --) VULCAN. PON FARR.
Vulcan, T'Pring, the sound of the bells,
Touching, her thoughts -- (Control, CONTROL!)

PON FARR. Amok time, madness -- (No!)
Reason and logic ripped away,
Madness choking the mind -- PON FARR!
(I must control it, I must!) GO HOME.
VULCAN, VULCAN. (Resist...) GO HOME
To the place of koon-ut-kal-if-fee --
(No, I won't!) Vulcan. T'Pring.
Vulcan, Vulcan, VULCAN, T'PRING!

Vulcan, home. Burning sky and wind,
Their faces, her face, the sound of the bells,
"Never and always --" (No, please DON'T)
"Never and always TOUCHING AND TOUCHED,
Parted and never parted." (Not true,
Not true, her shivering at my touch,

The thought "half human" in her mind
Sharp as the lirpa -- no, not true!)
So many years. She WILL understand,
She must. Logically -- logic? NOW?

The ringing and singing of Vulcan bells
Loud in my ears and I can't shut it out.
I feel the heat of the sun on my face,
The burning touch of sun and wind --
"Change course, for Vulcan." (Vulcan, NOW!)

Vulcan, T'Pring. Vulcan, T'Pring.
(My hands are trembling.) Vulcan, T'Pring.
Control. Hold on. Keep it locked inside.
No one must know of it. VULCAN, HOME.
Faces and questions and prying. GO HOME.
Questions and prying. LET ME ALONE!

I stand on my fathers' land, alone.
Waiting, waiting. I need you. Come --
T'Pring, is it you, have you heard my call?
I feel your longing, answering mine --
I try to go to you, cannot move,
Cannot see your face -- T'Pring?
Coming close to me -- NOT T'Pring!
Speaking to me, but the words are lost --

I wake in my quarters. VULCAN, HOME.
Vulcan, unbearably far away.
I CANNOT go there. Here I will die
And die in madness. VULCAN, HOME!
T'Pring, too far...I AM SORRY!...I tried...
"Miss Chapel. I had a most startling dream."

On course for Vulcan. Hold on. Control.
VULCAN, T'PRING. Still a chance. Hold on.
A few more days, just a few more days --
VULCAN, VULCAN! (Control...) T'PRING!

I am drawn to koon-ut-kal-if-fee
By fire of sun and fire of blood,
And logic is ashes in the wind,
The hot wind of Vulcan. I need you, T'Pring....
Vulcan, T'Pring. VULCAN! T'PRING!

Her face on the viewscreen. Beautiful, cold.
"Parted from me and never parted,
Never and always touching and touched."
T'Pring. My life in your hands, T'Pring!

Terran-Vulcan Genetic Compatibility

by Susan Hereford

There has been some marveling and bewilderment over how two such disparate species as Terran and Vulcan could mate and produce viable offspring. That the methods of reproduction would be sufficiently similar to even begin the process seems fantastically improbable. Also the vast difference in body chemistry hinted at by the copper base for Vulcan blood versus iron for Terrans, makes the problem of developing a hybrid foetus in vivo unlikely of natural solution.

However, it should be recalled that Vulcans have monitored and controlled their genetics for some hundreds of years. It is possible that they could produce a Vulcan without the aid of any parents at all (assuming the solution of the mind-body problem lies in some version of mechanism and parents are not required to give the offspring a soul). With this in mind, one need no longer wonder at the incredible workings of chance. Chance was not involved at all.

Although it may take some of the romance out of the event, conception probably took place in a laboratory, with an ovum which was altered to be compatible with Vulcan spermatozoa. The ovum is the obvious candidate for modification for several reasons. First, if the Terran analog is similar, it's bigger, and there is only one of it necessary, whereas the sperm are small, many and delicate. Further, a multitude of sperm are necessary to create the chemical conditions for fertilization. This is assuming that Vulcans are even that much like Terrans. Whatever their exact method may be, it is relatively sure they have the ability to control it and one way or another they have made the Terran gene and chromosome fit their pattern. Their pattern dominates, as one can see from the hybrid, since Vulcan scientists would be more familiar with their own pattern. In addition, the child was to be brought up in Vulcan society, and, after hundreds of years of self-perfection, the Vulcan pattern must be superior in many ways. Undoubted-

ly, Vulcan genetics has long eliminated the obvious physical defects and weaknesses, and also such inconveniences as less than perfect teeth, skin, or hair, moles or birthmarks in inaesthetic places, slight glandular imbalances leading to susceptibility to 'colds', and even cell chemistry over-sensitivities such as allergies.

If the hybrid is slightly below the Vulcan norm in psychic control or other particularly Vulcan genetic traits, it is because the Terran ovum could not be modified to form

such attributes without losing other attributes considered desirable, and the trait was not sufficiently dominant in the male to develop the trait entirely in the hybrid.

If it is accepted that considerable effort was expended

to allow a fertile union between a Terran and a Vulcan, the question arises, Why? It is usually assumed that the Terran genes would not only not be an asset in the Vulcan pool, but would actually be a liability. Therefore why put them in? One reason would be so that the couple could have the fulfilment of their relationship that a child signifies, but that is hardly justification for adding 'inferior' genes to the pool. If the hybrid were to be sterile there is a question of the ethics in bringing it into a society in which it has no biological function, besides all the other disadvantages it has as a result of being different. Although we may speculate that such a hybrid could be a valuable member of society, the most logical reason would be that the genes added were not 'inferior' but, for some reason, desirable.*

Since a Vulcan normally lives in a society of genetically superior individuals, attractiveness in the opposite sex must include genetic fitness. Anything else would be a deformity. Either the Terran woman must have been such a paragon of civilized reason and control that this outweighed all other considerations, or she must have possessed obviously desirable and genetically transmittable characteristics. Since offspring exist from this union, the second motivation can be assumed. Momentary infatuation is out of the question. Vulcans do not take long range action for short term reasons. Sarek undoubtedly considered all aspects of their life together before he made his decision. This would include consideration of their progeny: their desirability, and their ability to fit into Vulcan society.

It is not altogether clear that the hybrid does fit into Vulcan society, for he has chosen to leave his world and the scholarly career his Vulcan father wanted for him. He left Vulcan to lead a not entirely peaceful life in Star Fleet, which consists predominantly of Terran personnel. However, the diplomatic career of the father makes it uncertain that he is not simply following in his father's footsteps. The Terran influence on his life may possibly be reducable to the knowledge of his mother's home planet, and her effect on his childhood environment, rather than any significant genetic difference between him and other Vulcans. It is even possible that his claimed imperfect control over his Vulcan psychic abilities is similarly a matter of attitude, perhaps reflecting an overly exacting definition of perfect control rather than actual lack of control. However, it must be remembered that Spock was able to speak while in <u>plak-tow</u>, and that his <u>pon</u>

farr may have been earlier than his father's.

So it appears that Vulcan-Terran genetic compatibility is artificial and the only distinctly Terran traits, as opposed to personal traits, apparent in the hybrid are largely attributable to environment rather than heredity.

---

*The theory, held by some, that the Terran woman involved is a direct descendant of Mr. Sherlock Holmes and therefore carries many of his traits, is unprovable because of the number of bastards in the line. It would easily account for her attractiveness to a Vulcan. Proponents of this theory point out that there is a pronounced physical resemblence between Mr. Holmes and the hybrid.

Message Tape: NCC - 1701: 3412.3:17. Lieutenant Miriam Langsam

Star Date 3412.3

Dear Clarissa,

It was great to hear from you - the mail takes so long to catch up with us I thought you had forgotten me. I was overjoyed to hear that you finally at long last have been assigned to active space duty, and on the newest ship in Star Fleet, no less. Lucky bastard. As far as giving you hints about how to survive as an officer on a star ship, I don't know where to begin.

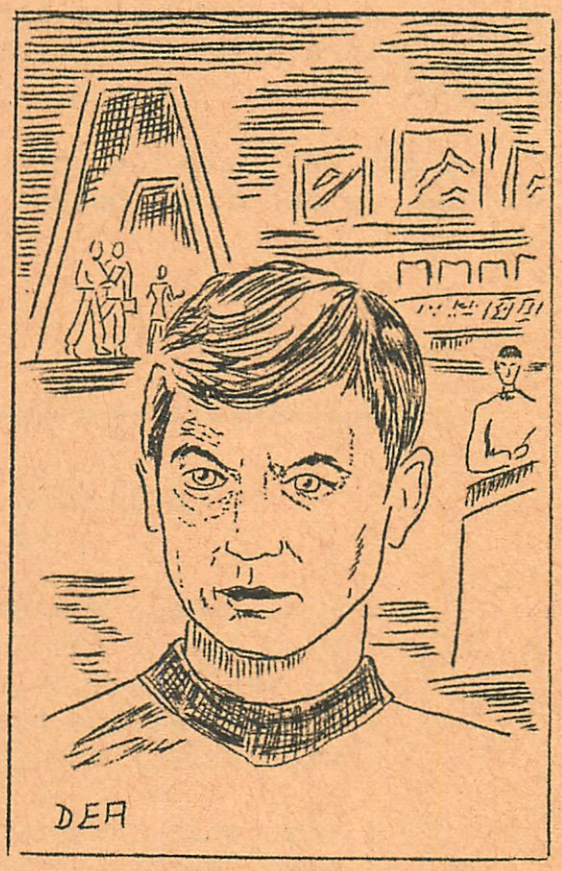
The work will be hard, but with the line you've worked out, it will be a cinch, though it takes a while to get used to working with alien energy clouds in the vents or strange life forms running amok below, above, and all around. The hard part is living with the people on board. It's like the dorm, but with all the doors and windows locked. (The relationship with other officers is like being in the bathroom at 17:30 hours on a Friday evening.) We live together, work together, and though we're all tested for personality quirks and watched over by Bones for any symptoms, still THERE ARE DAYS... Even a good ship like the Enterprise has tensions running rampant, and you have to learn to live with it. Take for our example our First Officer and our Chief Medical Officer. No doubt you've heard about Spock. Vulcans, even hybrids, are strange. His logic is maddening, especially when at times I suspect that under the smooth line of Aristotlean logic, neo-Einsteinian physics, scientific facts of all sizes and shapes, and the precision of a computer, there lurks something else. But to even suggest such a thing would be a faux pas of galactic magnitude. And then there is Bones. It is amazing that in so close a world as Star Fleet, anyone could be as relatively unknown as McCoy is. He just doesn't talk much about himself, and no one seems to know much beyond the bare facts.

Do you remember Joanna McCoy, who was at nursing school when you taught the course at the Academy? (She's still in training there, I think.) She's McCoy's daughter. Knowing how sociable and sophisticated she is, it's not surprising that her father likes good food and a regular drink of good liquor. One might in fact say fine liquor - though not anything in excess. But the bare facts don't do him justice.

BUSH

Outwardly, he is a cynical old man - though he is not more than forty-ish. In addition, he is the most unscientific scientist conceivable - sort of an old pre-socialized medicine country-type general practitioner, suspicious of new-fangled machines and exotic medicines. (Possibly his psychiatric experience convinced him that most serious illnesses are the result of an imbalance between mind and body, and not caused by the presence of some tiny microbe.) But you see Bones' point? It's like electric circuits. Granting that the human body is a cess pool of germs and viruses, etc., that are held in check by chemical blocks; if by a physical or mental disturbance one of those blockers is either destroyed or temporarily incapacitated, then suddenly a long dormant virus can run rampant. Therefore, Bones frequently seems to the crew's layman eyes to be treating the wrong thing, but the man has an amazing record. I'm not sure that he thinks medicine is a science - he at times has a close kinship to the old witch doctor. Obviously a super-scientific science officer would view such goings-on with a jaundiced eye. But there is much more to the tension between Bones and Spock.

Bones is responsible for the mental health of the entire crew. He seems to be deeply concerned with the tensions that a half-Vulcan-half-human must suffer; he constantly teases Spock about his super-scientific, ultra-logical and unemotional attitudes. This almost constant sniping serves as a test and a warning system. If Spock fails to respond in the normal or set way, both Bones and he are aware that something is upsetting him. Likewise, a ritual, whether designed as an emotional outlet or not, serves such a purpose. I strongly suspect that there is another function to this banter which I find very intriguing and very elusive. So elusive, in fact, that I would be hard put to prove it. But all the training I've had has not quite surpressed or rooted out my female intuition. My theory revolves around the internal nature of the men involved. McCoy, for all his cynicism, is a bleeding-heart humanitarian, a romantic with deep emotional or almost religious feelings about his fellow men. To handle his emotions and his feelings (possibly after his marriage ended so disastrously) he adopted a hard outer shell. I believe that a parallel exists in Spock's character, and that Bones knows this. Yet he hammers away at Spock and loudly attacks Vulcan culture and its implications. At first I believed that he was dense or egocentric about culture, but he just isn't. This seeming blind-spot exists only with regard to Vulcan culture. I puz-



zled and think that I've finally seen the light. First, as a romantic, the idea of a culture rejecting emotion is appalling, all the more so because of Bones' pose as a cynical man of science. More important, McCoy's blatant and unfair attacks allow Spock to defend his logical posturing without raising questions that would threaten his equilibrium, since the quibbling is on such a ridiculously simple level. Dignity and face are so important to Spock that his own doubts and internal conflicts between his human emotionalism and his Vulcan logic are deep and troubling. The game played out between the two men is symbolic (and both men are aware of this) of their struggle with their own split natures - science and emotion. In this shared ritual, though on the surface and to the casual observer no more than a personality clash and a huge joke, there is in my opinion a kind of love and exchange of sympathy ritual. The joke part is also vital, for it allows both men to laugh at themselves and at each other. I hope you remember that I said I couldn't prove this, and would never attempt to do so - I'd be laughed off the bridge. The problem of observing and evaluating such a situation is important - Diplomacy equals survival; a nose in the wrong place quickly becomes a sick bay case. I love those two cusses too much to hurt them by turning the searchlight and my worn copy of Freud into their fight. Obviously, therefore, I'd like like you to keep this under your hat.

I doubt that this has helped you much, except to suggest that you take it slow and easy. I remember from school that you got involved in old 19th century comic music, and drama, and loved Gilbert and Sullivan. I've long felt that a few of their songs should be added to the officers' manual,

and that one in particular should be stamped on every officer's mind; "Things are seldom what they seem; Skim milk masquerades as cream."

By the way, knowing your chest measurements, I'd suggest that you use two transporters when beaming down.

With love,

Mimi

****

EVEN MORE ILLOGICAL VERSES
by Sherna Comerford

I wish that I was Chekov on the bridge,
I wish that I was Chekov on the bridge.
If I was Chekov on the bridge,
I'd walue Wulcan tutelage.
I wish that I was Chekov on the bridge.

I wish that I was Nurse Christine Chapel,
I wish that I was Nurse Christine Chapel.
If I was Nurse Christine Chapel,
I'd hold Spock's hand and make him well.
I wish that I was Nurse Christine Chapel.

I wish I was a transport chief named Kyle,
I wish I was a transport chief named Kyle.
If I was a transport chief named Kyle,
Spock's atoms I would re-compile.
I wish I was a transport chief named Kyle.

****

A 6¢ stamp will put you on the mailing list for WHERE NO FAN HAS GONE BEFORE... This is the inside fanzine/newsletter on STAR TREK, available from Bjo Trimble, 417 North Kenmore, Los Angeles, California, 90004.

****

HOBBIT BUTTONS AVAILABLE 25¢; 5/$1
plus 6¢ postage

Gollum eats goblins
Sauron is alive in Argentina
Frodo gave his finger for you

Mike Montgomery, 21 Washington Street, Denver, Colorado 80203

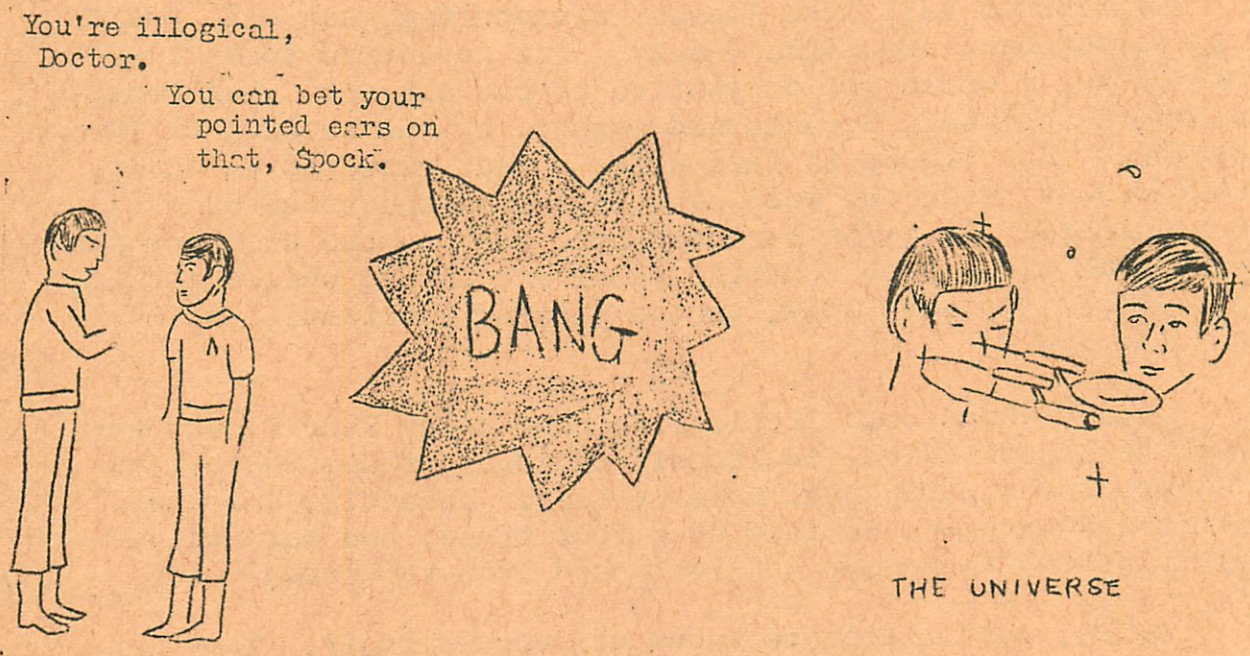
THE BIG BANG THEORY

by Dale Kagan

Definition of the 'Big Bang' theory: "When an immovable object strikes an irresistible force there is a big bang and the universe is created."

Dr. McCoy
Immovable Object

Mr. Spock
Irresistible Force



The Allure of Uhura

by robert toomey

One of the more stimulating intellectual aspects of visiting the USS Enterprise is watching a closed environmental system, predicated on an almost Utopian dream of organization, work its way out of problems which threaten the existence of the system. Perhaps less intellectual, but most stimulating, is watching the Enterprise's Communications Officer, Lieutenant Uhura.

With the disappearance of Yeoman Rand, Uhura stands alone as THE woman aboard the USS Enterprise. As if there were a time when she did not. Of course, there IS Dr. McCoy's aide, Nurse Chapel, who stepped forward once to throw herself at Mr. Spock, but she has been relegated to Sickbay where she belongs, leaving the field wide open for Uhura.

Adjectives fall like leaves: devastating, sensual, exciting, voluptuous, exquisite - sexy. But an entire thesaurus full of terms would not do justice to the subject. Her beauty is almost ethereal, accentuated perhaps by the setting of the Starship. Her figure is fantastic, a fact attested to during one incident, when she wore even less than the usual Star Fleet mini-uniform. It might be added here that on the same occasion Uhura came close to a romantic (sic) encounter, while stalling off a scarred pseudo-Sulu, to the blazing fascination of any male who saw.

Often, Uhura does little else than relay Star Fleet commands to Captain Kirk, admittedly the duty of Communications Officer, but a peripheral role at best. Recently, she has left the Enterprise no less than four times, and her active participation in danger has increased proportionately.

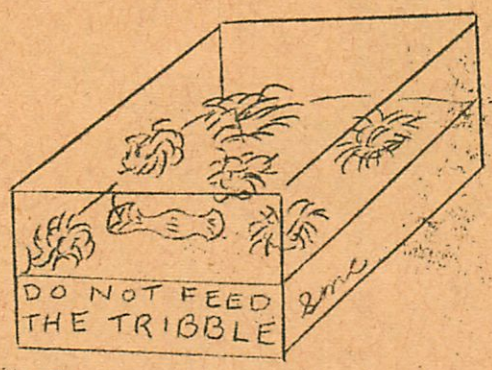
Still, very little is known of Uhura herself. That she

BUSII

is a fine singer has been proven on at least three occasions, and she also plays the lytherette. Her name, Uhura, is Congolese. She speaks Swahili and she comes from the United States of Africa, on Terra. Other than that, nothing is known of her background. To be the Communications Officer aboard a Starship must have required a great deal of training, and we may assume that she graduated with honors, but this is implied rather than stated. She has also shown herself to be quite competent in hand-to-hand combat and is not prone to hysterics in a crisis. Again, this is to be expected of an officer of Starship calibre. Often, she has shown that she can be counted on in an emergency that necessitates quick-thinking and coolness.

She has managed these things on all occasions without ever once losing any of her feminine appeal, if indeed such a thing is conceivable. She is reported to have once said, "Mr. Spock, if I have to say 'Hailing frequency open' one more time, I'll blow my top! Why don't you tell me I'm a lovely young woman?" While this may not be the remark of a stern officer, it is certainly the way a woman might be expected to react under the circumstances, although it might well be pointed out that she was certainly barking up the wrong Vulcan.

It has been said that beauty is where you find it. Aboard the USS Enterprise you find it in the delightful form (and delightfully formed) Lieutenant Uhura.



Vulcan Love Song

(Translated from Old Tongue)

The dawn came on me silently, like an early raid from ambush.
The sky arched fire: my path was made. I rose up to the sound of bells.
Your eyes glowed like the green pole star and his like the star of battle.
His blade swung, seeking for its thirst: in my heart was a great silence.
Your fury split him breath from breath: my blood took up the bells' music.
They gave me into your dark hands, and your voice muttered "Beloved."

Now I know where this day has led: to this hollow in the wind's arms.
On loose sand, wrapped in your soft robe we lie beneath ten thousand stars.
Darkness arches over our heads with a queen's ransom in his arms,
Like jewels in settings of glass, like the ones you tore from my hair.
By their light I see a dark line along the arm on which I lie,
And your face, pale as cool water under the shadow of your hair.
I lie wrapped in light and silence and a great wonder at this chance:
One day has gone by on its path, and the world is changed forever.

NOTES:

This poem is dated approximately 500 Terran years before the Reforms, or circa 300 B.C. The translation endeavours to reproduce the traditional Vulcan stanza with its pairs of eight-syllable lines; the characteristic pattern of assonance is not attempted.

"The wind's arms" is a crescent-shaped dune blown by a prevailing wind against rock.

Dorothy Jones

The Free Enterprise

by Lois McMaster

THE FREE ENTERPRISE is a humorous newstape that appears about once every two weeks. It is published by a small but dedicated group of junior officers, and its subtitle is A MAGAZINE OF INSUBORDINATION, HARASSMENT, AND SLANDER. Anyone can contribute by placing material in one of several secret mail drops. All contributions must be anonymous. Just about anything will be published as long as it is not serious. The editors fondly believe that their efforts are a mystery to their senior officers (the parts of the copier are kept in several rooms, and they are rotated from time to time) but as a matter of fact, Doctor McCoy is a frequent contributor, and somehow Captain Kirk has acquired every copy since THE FREE ENTERPRISE first appeared.

What follows is an article that appeared in a recent issue.

Engineering Philosophy, Part I: "Is there Really a Bridge?"

For some months a debate has been raging on the Engineering Deck. It concerns the basic tenets of our existence. Briefly, the question can be stated, "Is there really a Bridge?" and its corollary is, "Does such a Being as The Captain exist?"

Lieutenant Bret Aikman, a devout believer, has this to say, "We must have faith. I have been shocked and dismayed by the lack of faith shown by some of the younger engineers. This questioning of authority can only lead to a bad end. Besides, there is plenty of proof that the Captain and the Bridge exist. Read Regulations, Section 12, paragraph 7."

Outspoken atheist Lieutenant Kennard Thall took this stand. "All this talk of a 'Captain' and a 'Bridge' is ob-

viously arrant nonsense. I ask you, has any sane engineer ever seen this mysterious being? Oh, I've heard some of those zealots claiming to have heard 'The Captain's Voice' issue from intercom speakers. But there is nothing behind those intercom speakers but wires and capacitors and things; I've seen them! I have been appalled by the number of otherwise rational, intelligent engineers who actually swallow these wild stories."

A growing number of Riley's friends claim that Riley was taken bodily to the Bridge where he now lives on ambrosia, surrounded by houris with harps. Did Riley's absence prove the existence of a Bridge? "Not necessarily," says Quillan. "There are a number of people who suspect foul play. As to the existence of a Captain... I am not sure. You see, I too have heard the disembodied voice coming out of the walls, making strange requests and bizarre pronouncements. It may have been a hallucination, however. I do not think the issue is really resolvable."

Noted agnostic Ensign Bork Quillan was asked what he thought of the recent disappearance of Lieutenant Kevin Riley.

Deck Officer's Philosophy, Part I:
"Does Engineering Exist?"

For some weeks, a debate has

been raging on the Bridge about the existence of an "Engineering" section. Previously, the idea of such a place has been scoffed at, but it must be recognized that something, somewhere, propels the Ship. Most believe it is the Captain's will power.

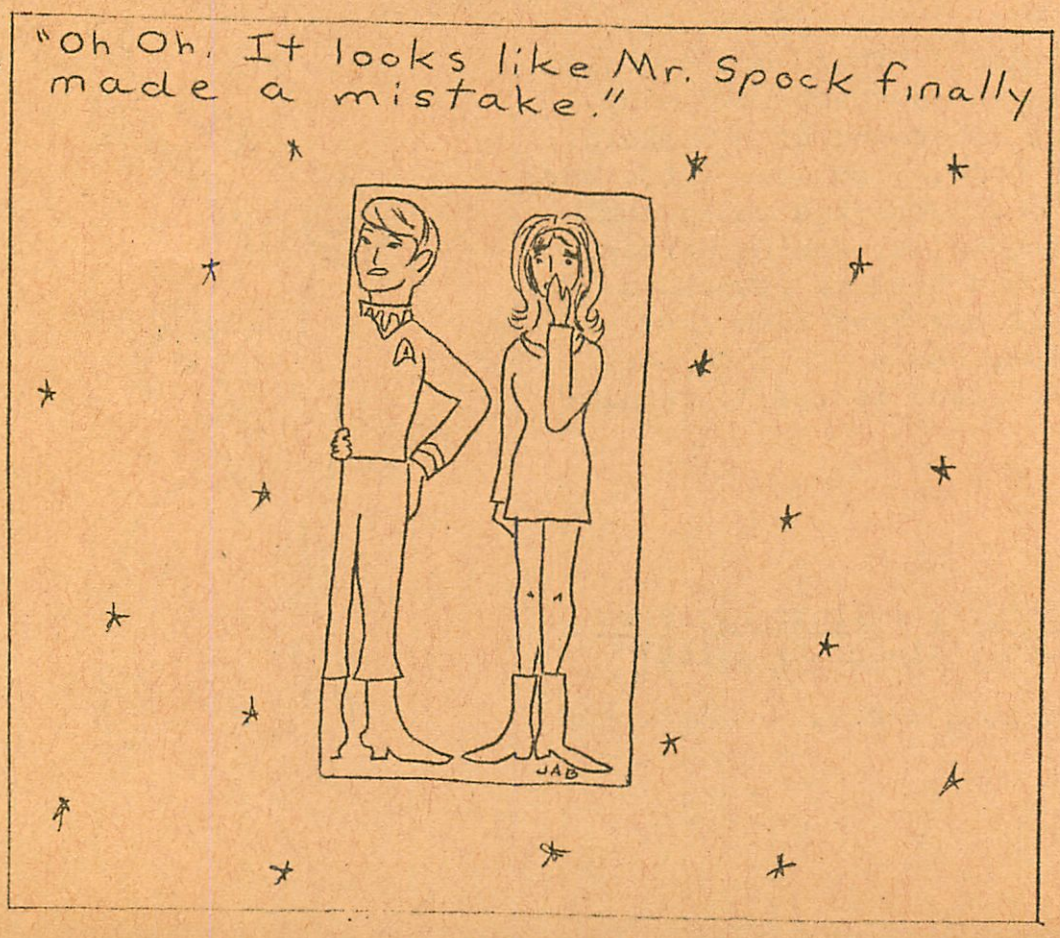
However, this strange story was told to us by a Lieutenant X, who asked to have his name withheld.

During a midnight watch, when X was at the helm, Commander Spock entered the Bridge. Apparently not seeing X, Commander Spock knelt and scrawled a strange, five-sided design upon the deck with a piece of red chalk. He then stood back, and making incomprehensible passes in the air with both hands, said in a clear, chilling voice, "Derauqs ees meh slauqe EE! Engineer, Appear!"

There was a brilliant flash, accompanied by a definite smell of ozone, and then within the five-sided figure stood a strange apparition, wearing red.

"Wha' ca' I do fer ye, Misterrrrr Spock?" it said.

At this point, Lieutenant X fainted. His story has never been verified, as there were no other witnesses, and Commander Spock has declined to comment.



What is your name?
Tinkerbell.
?
most illogical!
JRYasner, 67

COMMUNICATION FROM STAR FLEET INTELLIGENCE

by John Mansfield

Sector-General J. Mansfield
Borden-5
Series System
6722.1

Dear Sir:

I have received your letter, dated 6719.1, requesting any information that we may have on the Klingon policy toward Vulcans.

As you know, a Klingon ship was, officially, "struck by a meteor" near here about three days ago. The ship was a cruiser of what we call Dragon class. No inquiry is planned into the unprecedented failure of its meteor shields.

Since my flagship happened to be near by, with its accompanying escorts, we were able to salvage many interesting items. Enclosed you will find parts of several tapes taken from the wreckage. The tapes were severely damaged, and cannot be more fully translated.

You will be amused by the Klingon view of Vulcans, and of Vulcan-Terran relations, which is quite faulty. This occasionally results in errors on their part, which we find useful. We trust that you will take care to maintain this illusion.

I hope that you can use this, and if anything else becomes available, I shall send it to you.

Yours faithfully,

John Mansfield

SG John Mansfield, WL, GO.

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COPY NO..6....
Translated by Lt. T'Amesh
Date.6.7.21.3.

Chapter 7 - INTERROGATION OF VULCANS

---------39---------

MISSING - believed to have dealt with information on home planet, physical characteristics, and probable locations of individual Vulcans of high rank.

---------40---------

INTERROGATION

The prisoners, upon capture, will be separated. Each is
7E to be put into a separate cell; each is to be made to feel that he is alone and isolated.

If physical torture is applied to a Vulcan, he may die rather than reveal that he is experiencing the pain. This has cost us several (untranslatable).

Since the prisoner will show no emotion, it will be very hard to determine his mental state as he tries to adapt to captivity. They are a proud race, and consider many of the other Galactic races below them. We have found that if one breaks, he will break completely, and all the past frustrations and emotions will pour out. Experienced interrogators describe this as a rather long and sometimes boring experience.

---

* Numbers appearing in this form refer to tape frames.

BREAKDOWN

If the adult, male Vulcan can be made to show emotion,
7F he may subsequently attempt to deny it. High ranking Vulcans, particularly Ambassadors and Military Leaders, are considered especially susceptible to this and they may possibly be blackmailed into giving information if tri-D pictures of their breakdowns are shown them. To "bend" a Vulcan, many systems have been tried. The most successful are as follows:

WOMEN

Some Vulcans are known to "admire(?)" females from
7G Rigel 7 and Terra, as they resemble the Vulcan female. This method is rarely successful, however, except in conjunction with the following:

PON FARR

If caught and restrained during the periodic (?) (untrans-
7H latable) time, the Vulcan male will show a severe mental and emotional breakdown. He can be made to lose all idea of where he is and what he is doing. (Untranslatable) highly successful method is made complex by the fact that the pon farr Vulcan finds that his interests lie in areas other than military information. It may take some effort and subtlety to turn his attention to our wishes.

Speed is important in handling the pon farr male, as the condition is inevitably fatal under conditions of captivity.

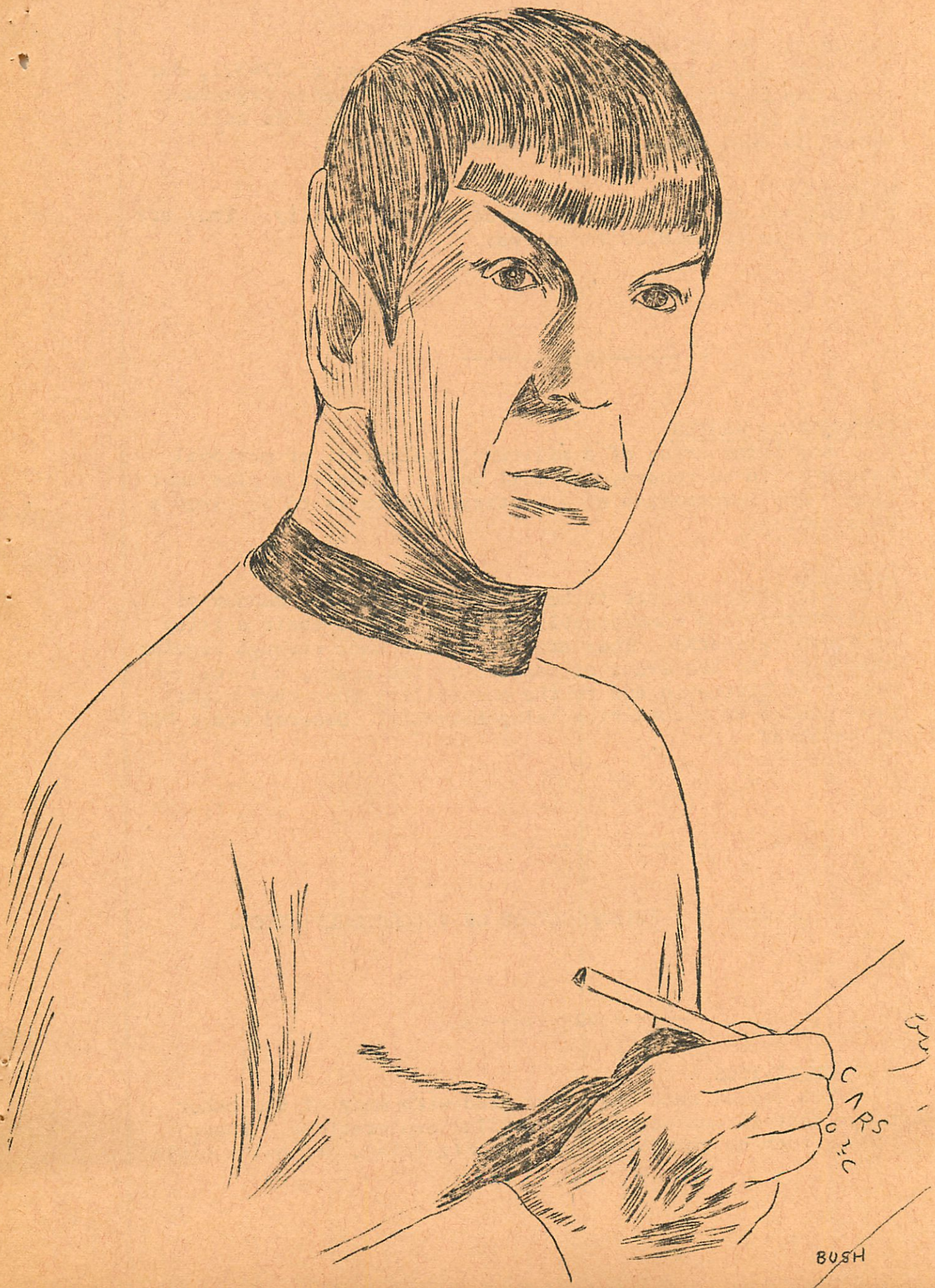
Care must be taken to avoid creating in the prisoner, or allowing the prisoner to create in himself, a condition known as plak-tow. This (untranslatable) complete lack of (restraint?) (untranslatable).

As the prisoner in plak-tow is incapable of speech, and will invariably die without recovering this capability, such a prisoner is to be destroyed at once. Failure to do so may be fatal to the interrogator.

Research is being pursued into hormonal treatments to trigger the pon farr condition at our will.

DRUGS

These usually have very little effect if the prisoner is
7J aware that they have been administered. Pain-inducing drugs which also cause mental disorientation may be effective; the Vulcan will usually be susceptible to them for a short period before his mental control reasserts itself and puts down the pain. Suggested drugs are pifcan-19 and AKEBG-55A.


BUSH

MECHANICAL PROBES - THE MIND SIFTER

The Mark 8 has been declared obsolete as of 6743.2, due
7K to an experience with a half-Vulcan on the planet Organius. The Mark 11 is now under production. The Mark 8 is still usable on some races. See individual chapters.

WARNINGS

All Vulcans are touch Telepaths of unknown quality. They are not to be handled in any way.

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INFORMATION WANTED

Any information of a military, political, or personal
7L nature is to be recorded in full and at least 25 copies sent back. Any information of a tactical nature is to be given a AA-3 rating.

DISPOSAL

All prisoners are to be treated in the same manner as
7M those carrying a communicable disease, due to their ability as touch telepaths. They are to be sent back through regular channels. In the event of capture by the enemy, all Vulcans are to be Destroyed due to the possibility that they might have picked up information telepathically. General Order KGO (S) - 58-57

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Chapter 8 - INTERROGATION OF VULCAN HALF-BREEDS

---------43---------

CHARACTERISTICS

The Vulcan race has inter-bred with many of the other
8A races that it has met in its stellar explorations. These races, such as the Terran and the Rigellian, are quite simi-

lar to them externally.

The offspring generally display the dominant Vulcan characteristics, including a skin of slightly yellowish tinge, and pointed ears.

SERVICE IN SPACE

Vulcan half-breeds generally specialize in the Space
8B sciences. It is in this way that they continue to expand. The race attempts to place one Vulcan or half-breed aboard each ship of the Federation, thus controlling the Federation.

INTERROGATION

SEE Paragraphs 7E through 7K. Specific remarks as follows:

RELATIONS WITH NON-VULCANS

The Vulcan half-breed, unable to satisfy his own need to
8C feel completely Vulcan, will tend to find friendships with other members of the crew. The attitude of these crewmembers, particularly the females, will cause emotional conflicts, and the possibility of something giving way in the half-breed is increased thereby.

DRUGS

The Vulcan body, in its adaptation to other races, has

8D altered biochemically. For this reason, the usual drugs may or may not work. All reactions are to be reported.

MECHANICAL PROBES - THE MIND SIFTER

8E As far as the Mark 8 is concerned, note paragraph 7K.

INFORMATION WANTED

8F SEE Paragraph 7L

DISPOSAL

Same as in paragraph 7M. Remember that, as a result of
8G hybrid vigor, the capabilities of the subjects may have im-

proved. They shall therefore be classed as V-5 rather than the V-6 of pure Vulcans. See note at end of Chapter 11.*

---

* Believed to contain the code for prisoners.

(Translator's note: The following is part of a tape found in the badly damaged file of the Chief Propaganda Officer of the Klingon warship (untranslatable). The tape is marked for dissemination to newly discovered cultures.

The view presented here of the relative status of Terra and Vulcan is of passing interest. No individual bearing any resemblence to the "offspring of the original sacrifice" is known, and the story may be regarded as purely fictious. Lieutenant T'Anresh)

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As one can readily see, this planet system is also waiting for the day when it will be liberated from the Vulcan yoke.

SOL

The major habitable planet of this system is called Terra. It is also known as Earth. It occupies the third orbit and is an "M" class planet.

The natives are humanoid, and resemble the (untranslatable). However, they lack the (untranslatable) (untranslatable). This is rather unfortunate; if they were even slightly (untranslatable) they would not be under the Vulcan (thumb?)

This planet was first discovered by a Vulcan warship that was fleeing from the Battle of (untranslatable). Due to the resemblance between the two races, it was rather simple to establish contact.

The Vulcan commander, realizing that this planet could provide the home world with many bodies to (forfeit?) (consume?) in their numerous wars, left his astro-physicist as an ambassaddor. The Vulcan used his position ruthlessly, and even called upon the simple folk to offer up one of their females as a (sacrifice?) to him.

The Vulcans then offered these people some obsolete cruisers as a gift. The Terrans were, of course, to provide

the helpless crews. The system-locked people, in their innocence, soon provided the Vulcans with crews for a 12 ship fleet, to do their bidding in that sector of the Galaxy.

These poor men still believe that they are "partners" in space, a thought that the Vulcans go to great lengths to maintain. The Terran government, realizing that they rule at the whim of these (untranslatable), do their best to continue (sustain?) this lie.

An example of this is the way that they treat the poor, mutated, half-breed offspring of the original sacrifice. This lad, who spent the first years of his life being educated on Vulcan, was handed a free commission in the suicide fleet. The helpless child was soon ridden with guilt. He had no one to turn to in his confusion. His complete helplessness forced both parties to spread strange and truly remarkable stories about him. If you could read these stories slowly, you will realize that they could only belong in a science-fiction book.

Due to this planet's location in the Universe, the people have not been able to fully understand what is going on around them. They must rely on their Vulcan "allies". Since it is our job to spread enlightenment throughout the stars, each of us must do what he can, to get the truth to these people.

IS IT TRUE THAT.....
PRESIDENT JOHNSTON PICKED
YOU UP AS A CHILD?

GOD AND THE VULCAN MIND

by Joyce Yasner

If I may take the opportunity, I now acknowledge the many people without whose help this article could not have been completed.

Can we conceive of a people as scientific and logical as the Vulcans having a God or religion? At first glance the idea is absurd because, by definition, scientists accept as true only those things which can be scientifically demonstrated or verified. However, what of the vast body of phenomena which cannot be explained at any one point in time because of lack of data, technique, or the creative interpreter? The scientist has two approaches when dealing with such material. He may hold in abeyance any comments or evaluations until sufficient data or means is collected, or he may, especially if he is Vulcan, be forced to expand scientific principles beyond their natural boundaries to cover such areas. The acts of primitive man are analogous to this Vulcan activity. Primitive man found it necessary to create gods to explain his material reality. The Vulcans, an infinitely more sophisticated people, are capable of expanding the science which they greatly revere and thus supplying a scientific explanation of God which spares them the embarrassment of having to acknowledge any one thing as illogical or unexplainable.

The Vulcans know that the senses are fallible, that they cannot truthfully tell us what the universe is. But the mind is capable of telling us what the universe is through complicated mathematics which cannot be materially demonstrated. Thus what is real can only be a perception of the mind. Now we ask what is the mind?

What we call thought, which is the evidence of the functioning of the mind, is chemical energy in the form of electricity. Thought is only one form of energy; it is contained within all that we can call energy. If the Vulcans revere the mind as much as they seem to, it then follows that they revere energy. Spock, the one Vulcan individual whom we have had sufficient opportunity to observe, registered awe and admiration when presented with the Organian people, creatures of pure energy and pure thought. This offers us the explanation the Vulcans probably accept when seeking to explain God scientifically.

Energy and matter, we know, may interchange. Thus they are in fact the same thing in different forms. What is necessary now for the existence of the universe is something to inspire this energy-matter with a purpose. Thought, a form of energy, is the director or inspirer and catalyst. Therefore, energy functions of itself, through thought, to interchange and create matter and manifest itself as other energy forms. It is not moved by other causes, but is an independent entity. Energy is not in the conventional sense seeable or provable.

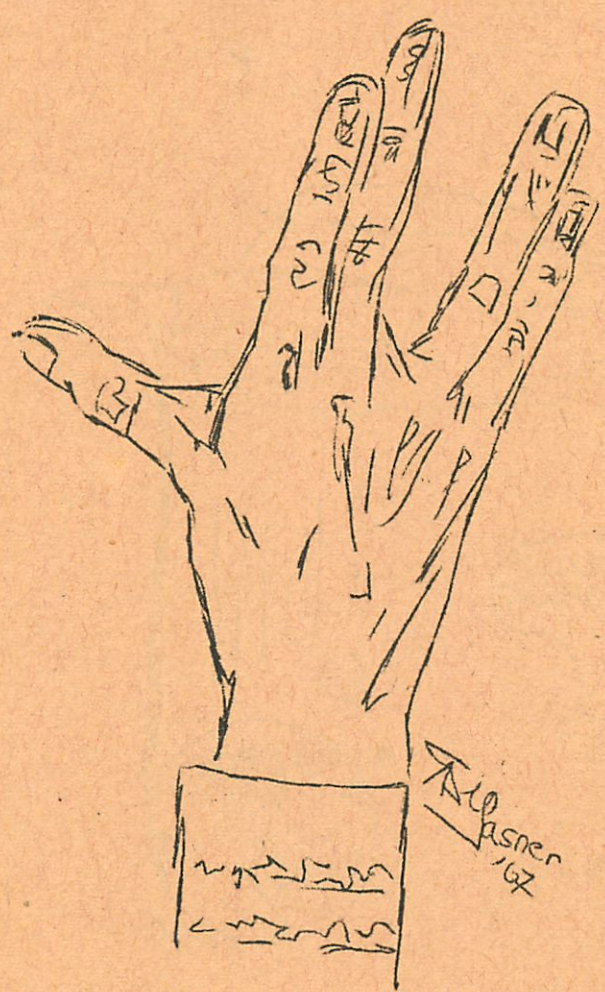
Before I go any further I wish to clarify one thing. When most people think of God they think of Him as a thinking and therefore conscious entity. This is not necessarily true. Thought is an evidence of consciousness, but thought can take place without consciousness, as we know from the functioning of the subconscious mind. Thought can therefore be a conscious or unconscious organizer. Therefore if God is not necessarily a conscious organizer, he is not unlike energy's organizer part.

Could the Vulcans accept reincarnation or immortality? Intelligent creatures, and here I mean human beings in particular, are afraid of death. Death is seen as the end of all processes and what follows thereafter is only a matter of speculation usually accompanied by abject terror. Reincarnation, simply defined, is rebirth of the soul in a new body. Soul must be defined as mind. Two kinds of reincarnation can occur. The first is a reincarnation of mind in the form of

energy. When the body dies and is returned by burial to the cycle of life, organic decay takes place which releases energy into the universe. Thus the body, and the mind, which is a part of the body, have been translated into energy. What remains of the body in the soil is reabsorbed into the life cycle in any of all three forms: plant, animal, or inanimate object.

This energy which is in the universe need not, and probably does not "realize" that this is where it is. However, it has become God. Thou art God is a readily accepted concept.

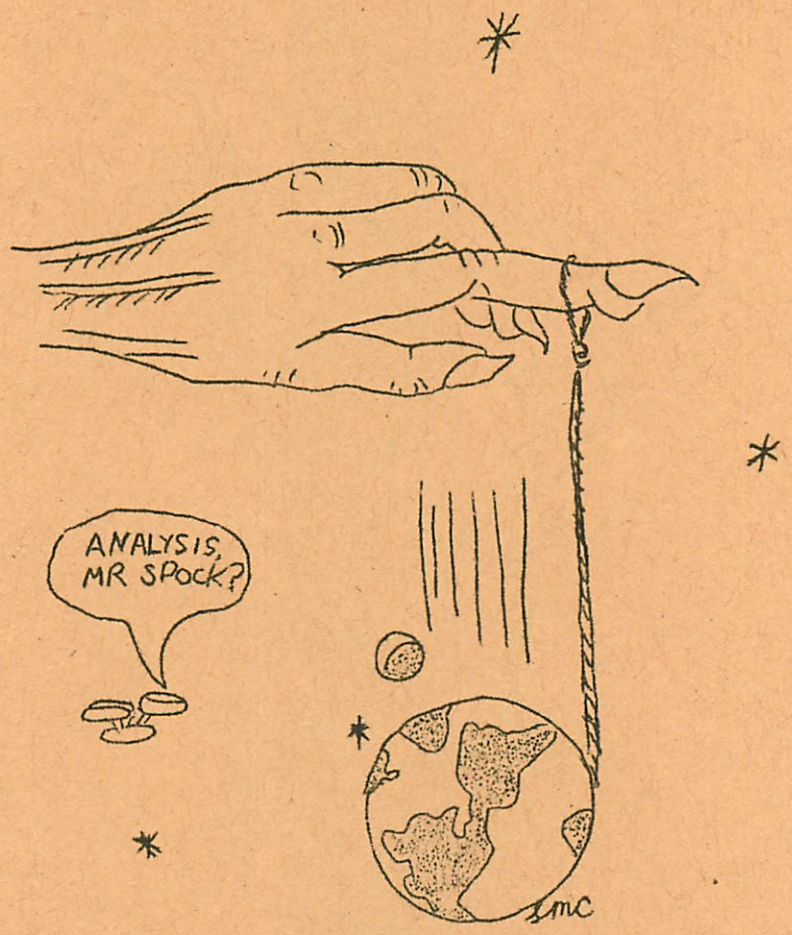
Do there exist any religious practices on Vulcan? Since the "energy is God" belief is scientifically valid there is no superstition surrounding it which dictates that some repect be paid to an unknown Being. However the profound quan-



tity of ritual in Vulcan life, as illustrated by koon-ut-kal-if-fee, makes us question the possibility of there not being some religious connotation in their ritual. We notice, with interest, the Stonehengian setting of koon-ut-kal-if-fee. Stonehenge was the site of sun-worship and the sun is the most obvious and readily seeable manifestation of energy. Also we remember the fire-pot which Spock keeps in his quarters. We cannot definitely say that Vulcan ritual is religious in origin, but the possibility is present.

In summary, I say that the Vulcans, as a people of science and logic, could find a scientific explanation of God which says that He in energy. Carrying this idea to its furthest scope the Vulcans can also believe in reincarnation and immortality. Religious ritual is not definitely provable but there seems some foundation for the thought.

Questions and comments are welcome.



A Speculation on Spock's Family

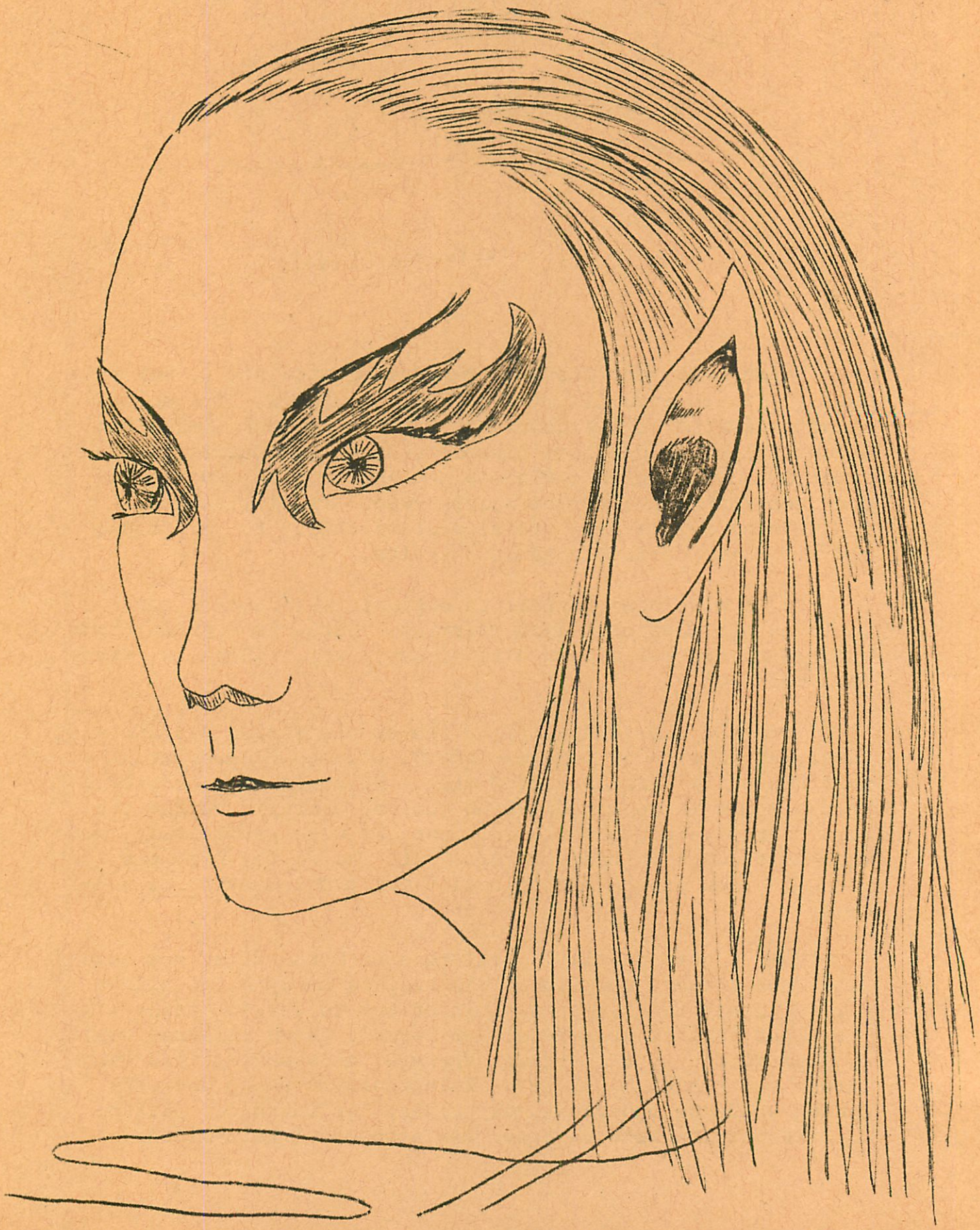
by Sandra Miesel

Twice this year the author has come upon source materials (1) which have illuminated Vulcan customs. The second occasion served to introduce Mr. Spock's parents, Sarek and Amanda. Thus it has been learned that Vulcan marriages are sometimes arranged in childhood and are usually made in accordance with an elaborate species-wide breeding scheme. The Vulcans feel a keen racial responsibility to perpetuate and reinforce desirable genetic traits.

It is also now possible to estimate Mr. Spock's age. He is in his middle to late thirties. Sarek is over one hundred years old while Amanda is almost sixty. (Data in 'Standard Years'.)

From the wide disparity in the couple's ages and the above information on Vulcan customs, one might speculate that Amanda is Sarek's second wife. He could have married a Vulcan woman in young adulthood (say at thirty), reared one or two proper Vulcan children, lost his wife prematurely, and wed Amanda when in his sixties. This was no May-December match in view of the exceptional vigor and longevity of Vulcans.

This hypothesis is logical because Sarek might not have felt free to take the incredible step of marrying an alien unless he had fulfilled his obligations to Vulcan society.(2) One might further speculate that Sarek's grown children would be scandalized by the second marriage, thus making life even harder for Amanda and Spock. Relationships among the offspring would be understandably tense; for instance, picture a confrontation between Spock and a scornful half-sister.



Unfortunately, leading Vulcan xenologist Dorothy Fontana disagrees with this hypothesis. She points out that childhood betrothal is not necessarily a universal custom, and that due to the Vulcans' long lifespan and slower maturation rate, their average marriage age is higher than we might expect. No conclusions should be drawn from Spock's age at the onset of pon farr, the sex drive. As a hybrid, his behavior cannot be taken as normative for the Vulcan race. Moreover, it is possible that Vulcan couples may first experience pon farr only after years of wedlock. (It is difficult to imagine how social harmony would be preserved otherwise.) Pon farr may not be a pre-requisite for fertility. Therefore she maintains that Sarek was not previously married.

Since our knowledge of Vulcans is subject to constant revision, perhaps these conflicting opinions will someday be resolved.

---

(1) "Amok Time" and "Journey to Babel".
(2) He could have contributed to a sperm bank, but where's the dramatic conflict in that?

COLUMBUS IN '69

Although your friendly neighborhood coeditor Devra does not participate in fannish politics, your friendly etc. Sherna does. As a member of the ØCon Committee (The Convention Committee of the Ølentangy Science Fiction Society, Inc.), I'd like to put in a few words for the exciting plans, and the experienced and enthusiastic people of the Committee working to bring the world convention to Columbus Ohio in 1969. The hotel is the Columbus Sheraton. It is a magnificent place, and would belong almost exclusively to the convention!

The committe members are fans of STAR TREK, and during the renewal campaign they passed a corporate resolution supporting the campaign and the show. They need your support, now and at Baycon. Columbus in '69!

-Sherna

PERSONAL DIARY ENTRIES
by Deborah Langsam

ENTRY # 173

After one day on the bridge, I'm ready to resign from this whole idiotic deal. McCoy and his big brainstorm. "All medical trainees will have interdepartmental experience," and me, obediently shaking the marbles in my head. Why does he hate me?

Maybe I could've tolerated being treated as a sub-intelligent life form, but when I was "assigned" to Chekov, that was the last straw. He's totally obnoxious and he's devoting all his time to making my life miserable. Goddamn his nerve, pinching me on the rear and knowing Spock was there. When I yelped, Spock turned and stared.

"Are you ill, Ensign?"

Chekov knows, damn it, that I can't do one thing about his behaviour. Everytime I open my mouth he shuts me up with a new assignment. Anyway, wouldn't it sound peachy, "Uhhh, Captain, you see uhhh, Ensign Chekov seems to have a problem with roaming hands." Kirk would just be amused. I can picture the lovely scene; Chekov snickering, "I'm sorry, sir," and me turning a bright shade of red. Besides, loudmouths who are still wet behind the ears may end up polishing viewscreens and panel lights. What's the use? Chekov's a smart-aleck and he likes the image.

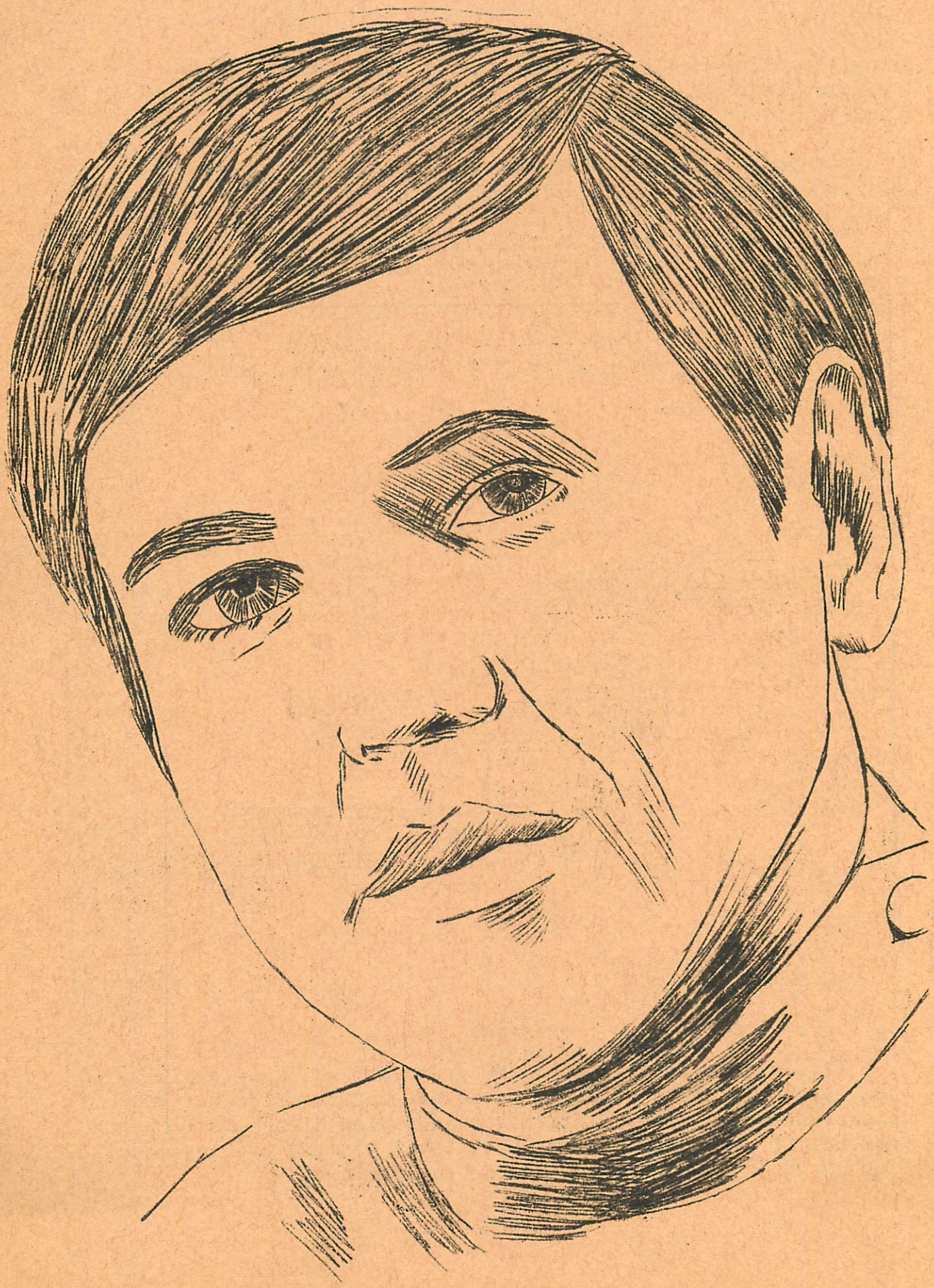
What makes me even madder is that he expected me to be flattered. Imagine, Ensign Chekov, a permanent fixture on the bridge and a part of the upper crust of Enterprise society, honoring me with a pinch. Whoppeee! He doesn't want an assistant, he wants a slobbering female with stars in her eyes and rocks in her head.

"Oh Ensign (sigh, sigh) what manly biceps you have. Why my ideal has always been a short egotistical Russian." Yetch!

Things wouldn't have been so bad if Martha hadn't come over to "brighten my spirits" during lunch.

"Say, the grapevine's buzzing about the fun time you had with Chekov this morning."

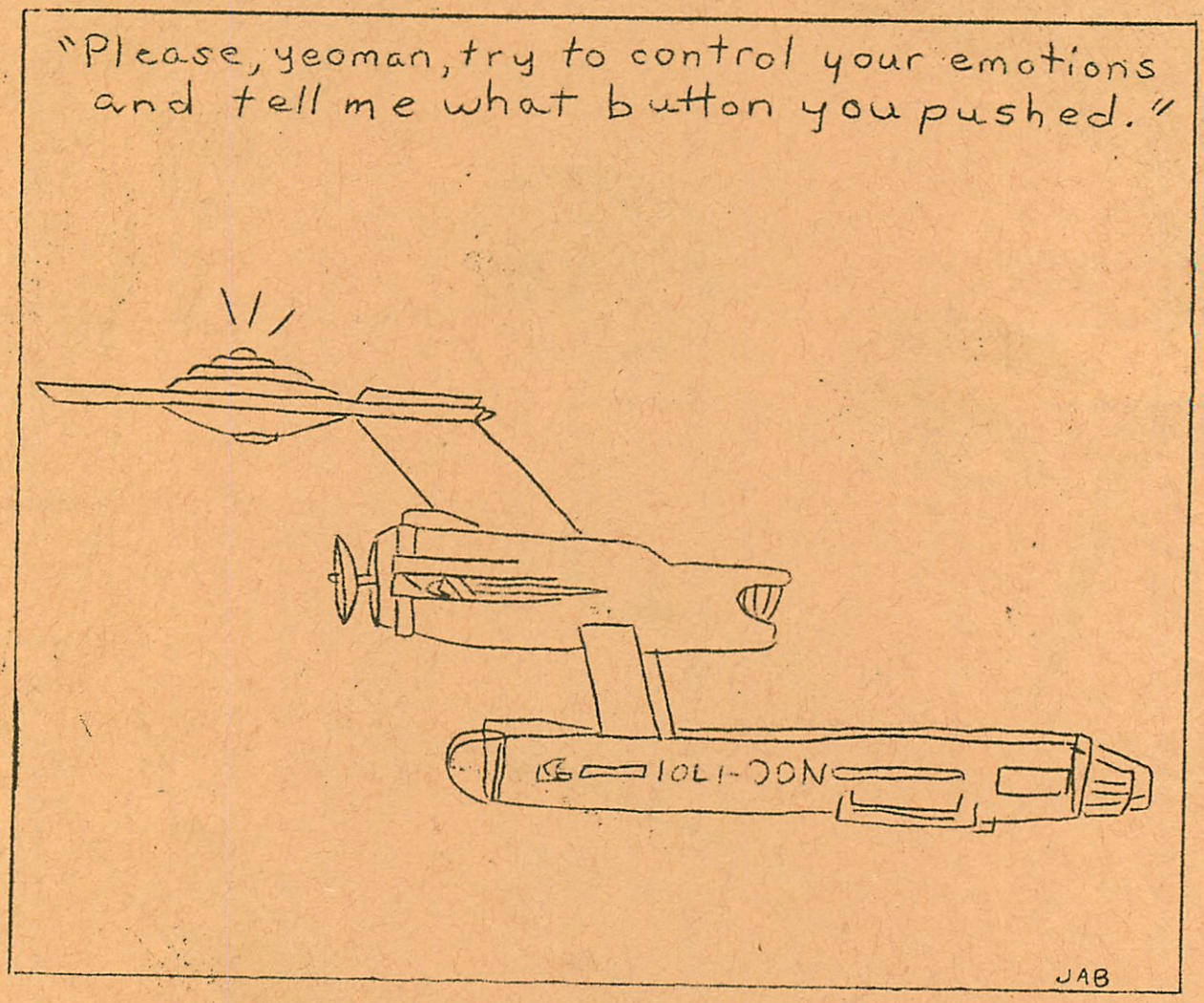
I searched the floor for a large hole which might oblig-



ingly swallow me up. Oh boy, that's just a taste of the razzing to come. If anyone will take advantage, it'll be McCoy. I can see him leering now.

"Miss Michaelson, I trust you know that Mr. Chekov has already passed his basic biology course."

With a first day like this, things had better improve; they absolutely couldn't get any worse.



ENTRY # 180

Triumph, sweet triumph! Congratulations, Ensign Michaelson, you have shown yourself to be an expert in the art of self preservation, with your brilliant execution of the "Get Chekov" gambit. I hereby present to you, loyal Ensign, a shiny medal for services above and beyond the call of duty.

I was lucky that the Captain and Mr. Spock were playing chess when Chekov walked in. I must admit a touch of genius in using that luck to my advantage. It was just like Chekov to seek me out in the rec room, to add the final touches to my week. I took out my basic Chem. tape and started muttering about how weak my knowledge was of the sweet science, and how I was virtuously going to review it. Naturally, it was the typical Chekov reaction to proclaim his vast knowledge of the subject. His reference to "the great Russian scientists who pulled Terra from its chemical Stone Age," was all I needed. I just fed his ego by posing a question and then stood back to give him room to put his foot in his mouth.

"Mr. Chekov, do you think you could help me with these questions?" I tried to sound respectful. "The Trainee Competency Tests are coming up and the examiners are gung-ho on names. Could you tell me who did the initial testing on the Thomson model for the scattering of alpha particles?"

"Certainly, Ensign," he puffed, "it was of course that great Russian scientist, Mendeleev."

Will wonders never cease. The Captain turned.

"But Mr. Chekov," he said, "when I was a student that was generally credited to Rutherford. An Englishman, Mr. Chekov. Spock?"

"Affirmative, Captain. Ernest Rutherford, born 1871 standard Earth years, died 1937. An English physicist; awarded the Nobel Prize for chemistry, 1908. Tested Thomson model 1911."

"But I was quite sure..."

"You are in error, Mr. Chekov."

"Mr. Chekov," said the Captain, "you might review your basic atomic chemistry. Perhaps Mr. Spock could find the time to assist you."

Spock, with eyebrow raised, hesitated and then nodded. "Mr. Chekov, you will report to my quarters at 1900 hours for tape assignments. You will submit a summary of your readings in five days."

I rewound the tape and rose. "If you'll excuse me,

gentlemen?"

"Yes, of course, Ensign." The Captain smiled and nodded; I hadn't fooled him for one moment.

I fled from the rec room and managed to keep from giggling until I reached my quarters. Now I'm bordering on astonishment; I know the Captain likes Chekov. Why the zilch? Chekov is out of line more than any other crewman on the bridge, but he amuses Kirk, and usually gets free rein. I think Kirk sees himself in Chekov, perhaps as a young officer without a Star Ship in his hip pocket. He likes a good joke (even if it has to do with a "little old lady in Leningrad") but not at the risk of neglected duties.

Kirk's tough; damn straight if Chekov doesn't know it! If the Captain didn't know he could squash Chekov, the good Ensign would be out on his ear. It's not a battle of wits, however; Chekov idolizes Kirk. Nobody but a first rate imbecile would make a nasty-Kirk-crack in front of Chekov. He'll make a good officer (even I can admit that) and Kirk will take personal pride when Chekov makes it.

I almost feel sorry for Chekov; he's going to suffer through this punishment. Spock is not sympathetic to Chekov's growing pains; damn straight if Chekov doesn't know that too!

SUPPLEMENT: Mr. Chekov had me polishing viewscreens this afternoon. Perhaps he doesn't like chemistry either?

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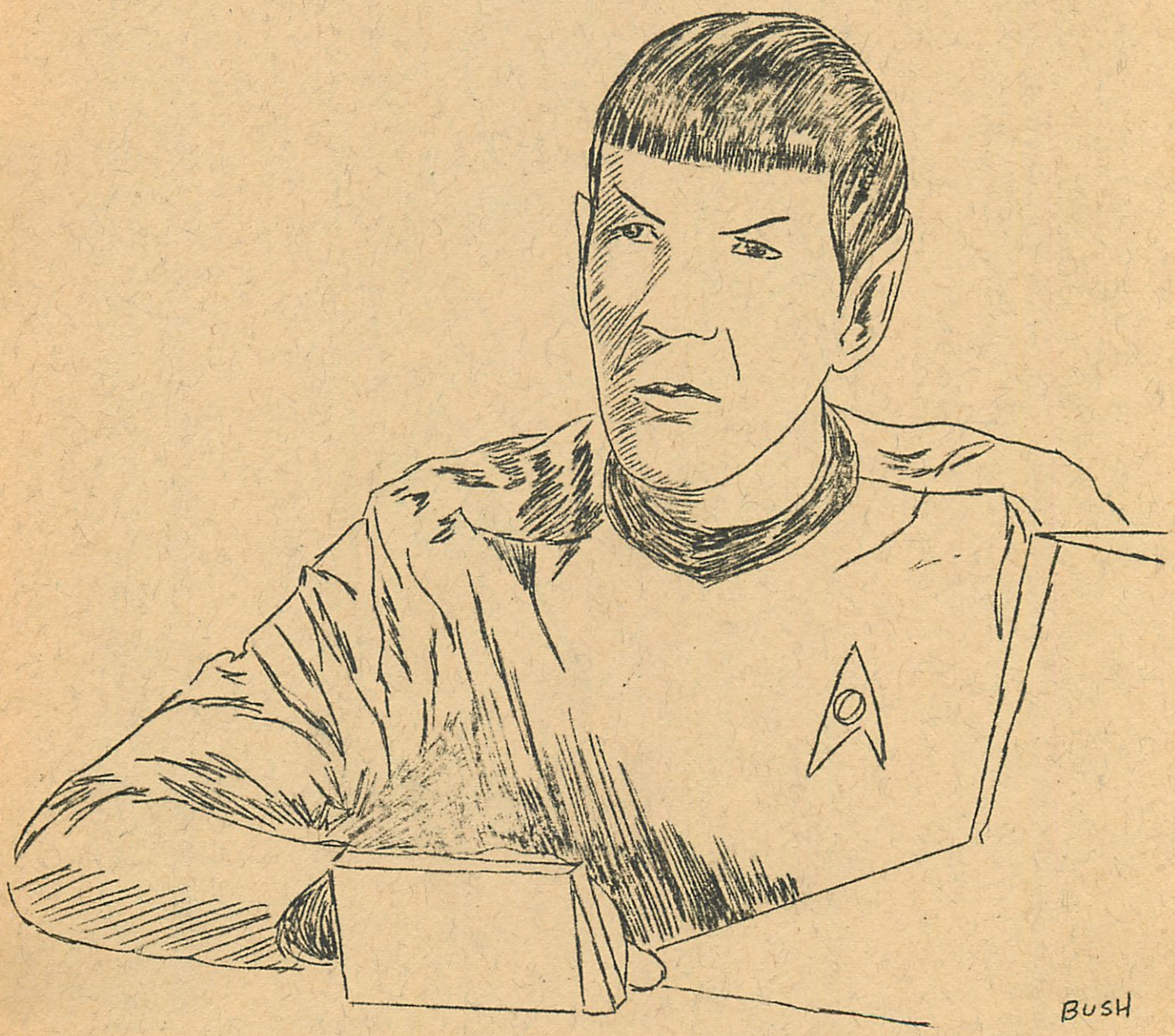
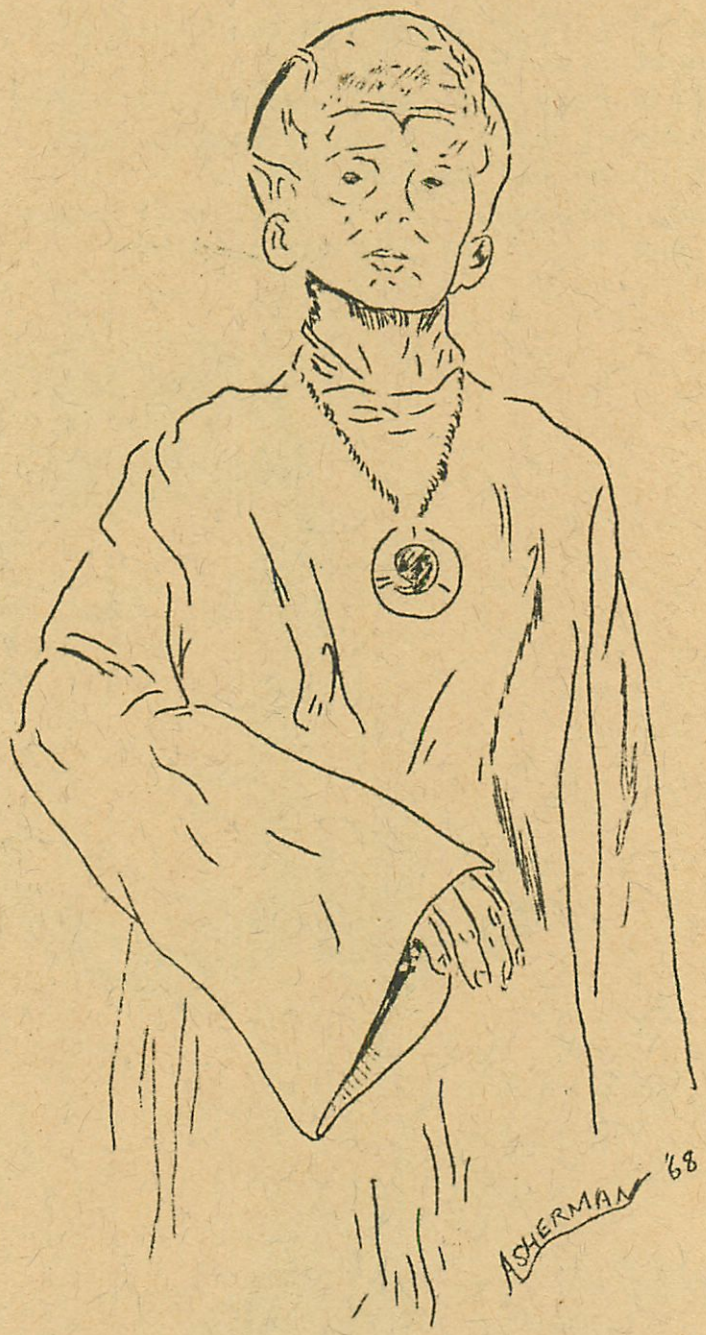
"PLAK-TOW is a Klingon plot!" - NBC

To Christine

by Lyn Veryzer

Brows wing high above the cold dark eye.
No emotion will you find.
He holds hate and love, within his alien mind.
Useless to delve too deep, within this
Heart where all desires sleep.
Warning! Woman, do not waste your tears and cry-
Look the other way and say goodbye.




ASHERMAN '68

ON THE ORIGIN OF HUMANOID LIFE IN OUR GALAXY

by Jean Lorrah and Willard F. Hunt

After a year and a half of observation and research by the USS Enterprise, some anthropological questions have arisen as to the nature of intelligent life in our galaxy. Earthmen have been in contact with other intelligent races for at least a century and a half (1), and a large majority of these races are humanoid in physiology; that is, they are bipeds with two arms, stand erect, have very similar skeletal structures, and, in at least the case of Vulcans and Earthmen, are capable of interbreeding. The number of non-human but humanoid species encountered in just a voyage of one and a half Earth years is amazing when contrasted with the number of non-humanoid intelligent life forms met with in the same time.

Such humanoids include Vulcans, Arcturians (2), Romulans (3), Talosians (4), Orions (5), the inhabitants of Eminiar 7 and Vendicar (6), Lazarus's people (7), the people controlled by Landru (8), the primitives under the control of Vol (9), Balok's people (10), the "Greek gods" (11), Telerites (12), Andorians (13), the Halkans (14), Klingons (15), Rigellians (16), and Capellans (17). This list does not consider aliens capable of taking human form, who must be included instead in the list of non-humanoid intelligent life: the Organians (18), Korob and Sylvia (19), the Horta (20), the Companion (21), the Gorn (22), the brain cell monsters (23), Trelane (24), and the proprietors of the "amusement park" (25). This list also does not include mechanical intelligence such as computers, androids, Nomad (26), or (perhaps) the Doomsday Machine (27), for they cannot be designated as "life". Therefore, in our sample, humanoids outnumber non-humanoids almost three to one. Why should this be?

The answer that immediately comes to mind is that millenia ago our galaxy was colonized, much as Earth is colonizing other planets at the present time. However, this explanation is usually cast aside as romantic nonsense by those scientists who resist extrapolation from known facts, and who demand to know what happened to a civilization powerful enough to colonize such far-flung planets as Earth and Vulcan; why is there no evidence of such a civilization having ever existed, and, if Earth is the product of such colonization, why

does the evolutionary evidence on the planet Earth clearly show links between Earthmen and other life forms native to the planet? Evidence uncovered by the USS Enterprise in the last eighteen months, however, gives some startling answers to these questions and suggests that the colonization theory is not just a romantic notion, but a valid scientific possibility.

Let us assume, for the sake of argument, that there was a galaxy-wide civilization perhaps 800,000 years ago. It is a sociological axiom that transportation is essential to any civilization. What kind of transportation would be adequate to a civilization spanning forty thousand light years? Certainly not star ships requiring more than 100 years to go from one end to the other at maximum warp. Instantaneous transporters such as we use to beam from ship-to-ship and ship-to-planet would be necessary on a galactic scale to keep such a civilization going. But even such limited transporters as are used by the Enterprise require tremendous power; to transport over light years would require tapping the clustered suns in the center of the galaxy. If one could tap such a power source and control it, there would be no practical limit to what could be done with it.

Given such a power source, transporters would become the common method of transportation and star ships would be used only to colonize new planets by setting up transporters on them and connecting them to the power source. Once most of the habitable planets in the galaxy were colonized, star ships would become obsolete. If star ships were sent to our nearest neighboring galaxy, the Andromedan nebula a million light years away, they would have lost contact with this galaxy in the galactic catastrophe which we are about to describe.

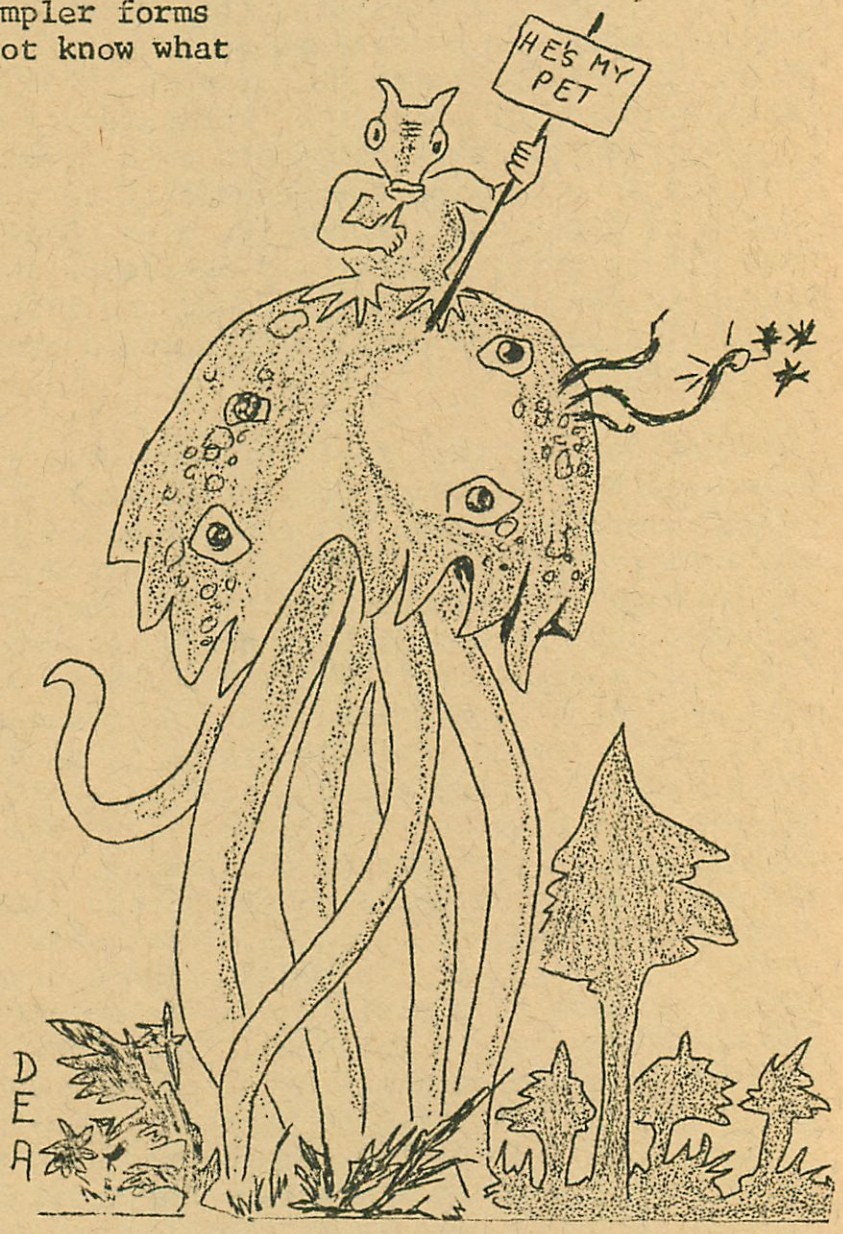
For galactic catastrophe there must have been, or there would be at least remnants of this galactic civilization still clinging together. Instead, there are only isolated inhabited planets whose earliest history is lost in time. Each race believes itself to have evolved independently on its own planet, and until the recent discoveries made by Federation Starships there has been little reason to think differently. In no less than five information tapes on encounters of the USS Enterprise with other intelligent life may be found significant evidence pointing directly to the civilization we are describing, and nowhere in Star Fleet records may be found evidence which solidly refutes the theory we are proposing.

Assuming the power source described above, and transporters as the sole means of transportation within our galaxy, it is logical to assume that the transporters would be used to transport not only matter, but energy as well; the fantastic power of the central suns would be immediately available to all colonized planets. There would be little need to develop independent power sources on the individual planets. This source would be not less expensive, but far more powerful than a local source, and would be sent to the planet immediately, not having to be developed there. Perhaps planets with adequate power when this connection was developed would not have bothered to hook up to it, but all new colonies would have used it automatically, and most of the colonization is hypothesized as having taken place after and because of the invention of a means of utilizing this power source. Such power would no doubt be controlled by computers - computers in our sense of machines which do far more than "compute" in the original meaning of the term. For safety's sake there would be no less than two such computers on a given planet, for a malfunction in a machine that caused it to cut itself off from its source of power would otherwise mean total loss of power on that planet until contact was re-established via star ship. With this kind of unlimited power and instantaneous transportation, a galaxy-wide civilization could easily be established and maintained.

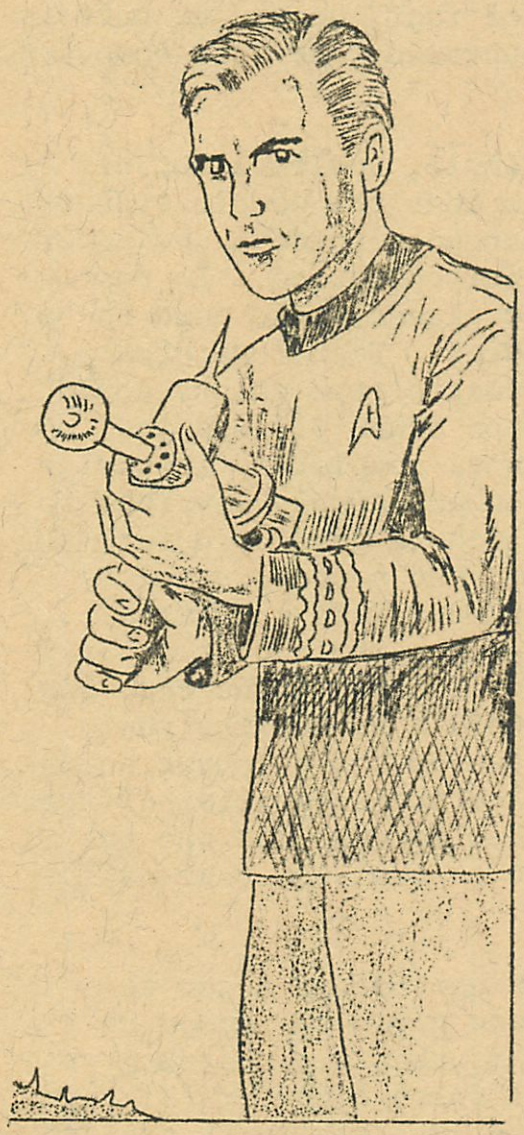
Maintained, that is, until the central power source was destroyed by civil war. Why civil war? We know that the power source (that is, the central mechanism that made it possible to tap this fantastic power) was destroyed somehow simply because it no longer exists. A long decline in which planets lost contact with it one by one would surely not have resulted in <u>all</u> colonized planets losing contact, yet in the vast section of the galaxy that the Federation has explored it has never found a single planet plugged into the central power source. Therefore the source itself - the machinery by which the power of the central suns was made available in usable form to the rest of the galaxy - must have been destroyed. There are three possibilities for its destruction: a natural phemonenon, such as a nova; war with another civilization; or civil war. Natural phenomena would give plenty of advance notice to a civilization so scientifically advanced, and would be detectable today. Therefore, the answer must be war. That there was once a war of incredible magnitude in our galaxy is testified to by the planet-destroying Doomsday Machine (28). That this machine was self-powered shows that it was the product of a faction not relying on a central power source. Another conquering civilization perhaps? One must

inquire where they are? Why did they not take over the planets that they won? No, the answer must be civil war: internal dispute resulting in the sabotage of the central power source, and the turning loose of the Doomsday Machine, perhaps by some fanatical anti-power faction, perhaps by an organization which intended to take over political power but found itself without the means to do so once the power source was destroyed, intentionally or accidentally.

But why have we no evidence of this prior civilization? Perhaps a more apt question is, would we recognise such evidence? To us, the word "power" means electrical or atomic energy. We understand some simpler forms of power, but we do not know what kind of power the earlier civilization of our galaxy might have used. Would we recognize artifacts of that civilization if we saw them? Suppose you handed one of our solid-state recordings to an educated man of the seventeenth century, telling him it was a useful object created by another civilization. He would see a featureless plastic block; as a matter of fact, he would not even recognize



plastic. If he split it open he would find the inside solid, of the same featureless matter, and his conclusion would probably be that it was a paving tile! In fact, if you gave the same recording to a man of the mid-twentieth century, when solid-state electronics was developed, he would be unable to play the recording on any of his instruments and could easily come to the same conclusion! And so, modern archeologists, sifting through the ruins of previous civilizations, can only guess at the uses of "primitive" artifacts. How often have we marveled at the amazing symmetry of primitive "bowls" found on various planets, or wondered where the fantastic skill and power came from to erect pyramids, ziggurats, and other edifices that have weathered hundreds of thousands of years. But how are we to know that what we see as a bowl is not an atomic matter disposal that has been cut off from its power source? And why do we insist that slave labor piled five-ton boulders into perfectly-fitting walls hundreds of meters high? Is not an artificial power source at least as logical a hypothesis? (This is not to dispute that some later civilizations did build by slave labor and perform fantastic feats, such as the pyramids of the Egyptian civilization on Earth. We are only concerned with artifacts and ruins 800,000 years or older, whose history has been lost.) Why, then, are all these artifacts and ruins so rough, so primitive in appearance? First, we cannot

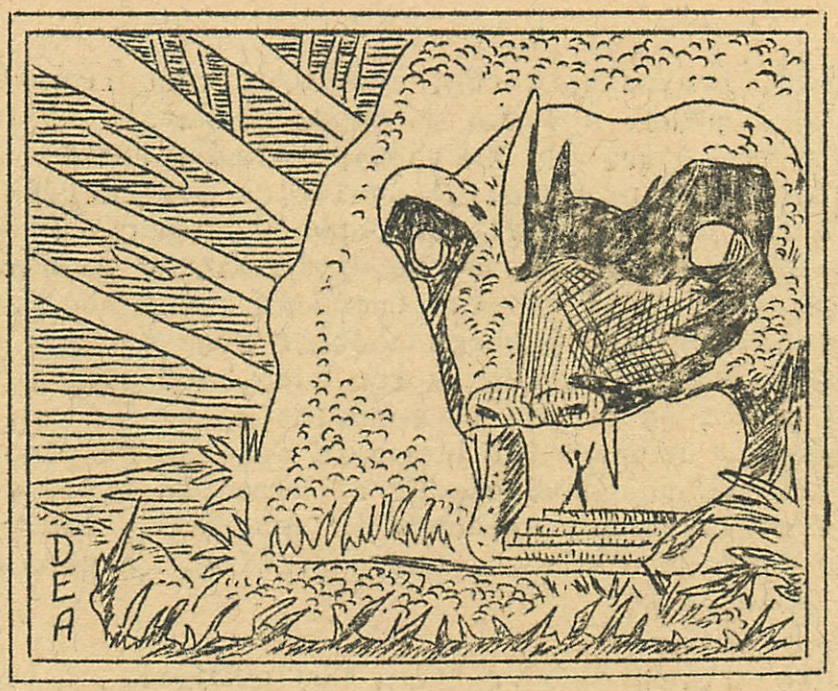


be certain which of the most ancient artifacts and ruins date from the height of the galactic civilization and which date from the primitive state the colonists would have been forced into soon after their power was cut off. Second, hundreds of thousands of years of weather, earthquakes, avalanches, volcanoes, glaciers, and climate changes will take the shine off almost anything.

The above hypothesis also explains why the computers we have described on each of the colonized planets have not been discovered: how do we know we would recognize such a computer if we saw it? That is, a computer with one of the most advanced designs? However, no doubt in such a developing civilization computers went through various states of development, some of which were similar to the comparatively simple-minded machines we use today. As a matter of fact, we can be certain of this: the USS Enterprise has encountered four such computers <u>in use</u> in the last eighteen months.

If a computer were reasonably simple, and were cut off from its power source, it is possible that the people stranded on a colony planet would be able to connect it to a new power source and put it into at least partial operation. In the civilization we have hypothesized, no planet would need to be economically or ecologically independent. Therefore, being cut off from communication with the rest of the galaxy could spell death for a colony that relied on other planets for food. No doubt many colonies on planets completely inhospitable to humanoid life died out, but others simply reverted to an agrarian society, and over the millennia developed into the humanoid civilizations we know today. But suppose a colony got one of its less complex computers back into operation. The tendency would be to rely heavily upon it, and it is easy to see how a relatively simple-minded computer might take the running of their lives out of the people's hands "for their own good." This may have been the case of the computer known as "Landru" (29), perhaps named not, as the Enterprise officers surmised, for the man who built it, but for the man who put it back into operation and used it to control the rest of the colony.

In another case (30), a computer had become a god to a small, static colony. The computer was given the shape of a snake, a mythological figure that is another link between many of today's humanoid civilizations. A third computer (31) did not succeed in keeping its colonists alive, and so it created



androids in humanoid form to populate its planet. Finally, we know exactly what happened to one of these computers; a group of humans took over its control and used it to make themselves gods. With their newly acquired powers, these gods emigrated to Terra, where their activities presumably formed the basis of subsequent legends. This lasted through the Greek period, at which time they could not control the growing interest in science, which would inevitably lead to the discovery of their non-magical powers. Therefore, they used the computer to leave the Earth and returned to their home planet, where they died out one by one until the Enterprise encountered the last of them, the "god" Apollo (32). These Greek "gods" even retained the memory that they had come to Earth from another place, but had apparently forgotten that they were originally quite human. It is unfortunate that in three of the four encounters with computers the machines had to be destroyed. However, study of the fourth computer will no doubt contribute greatly to our knowledge of the origins of intelligent life in our galaxy. Two other computers which the Enterprise found working were running a war (33), but it is uncertain from the data obtained in that encounter whether these were original computers or independent (new) inventions by the humanoid races employing them. This will also have to be studied by the Federation scientists sent to help these people adjust to the end of their five hundred year war.

All the date accumulated by the USS Enterprise in the first eighteen months of her five-year mission support the hypothesis of a galaxy-wide civilization as described above. No evidence refutes it except the evolutionary evidence on

several planets, including Earth, showing direct links between the humanoid and animal species on these planets. It is interesting that these are all Earth-type planets, and so the currently-held theory of parallel evolution may certainly account in part for the similarities between humanoid inhabitants of these planets. Perhaps the civilization we have hypothesized was made up of several humanoid races who developed by parallel evolution (or perhaps another even earlier civilization?...but we have no evidence for such, and probably never will have, so there is no use in speculating.) But the colonization theory does account for humanoid species on planets definitely hostile to the development of humanoid life, such as Vulcan, where evolutionary evidence is ambiguous, and recorded history dates "from the time of the beginning," a time which cannot be pinpointed.

Since this article was written, new evidence of its thesis was received from the entity known was Sargon, whose people colonized our galaxy 600,000 years ago. Mr. Spock has also confirmed that this would explain some anomalies in Vulcan prehistory. (34)

Thus the past months of the mission of the USS Enterprise have opened new scientific vistas and produced evidence of a civilization far greater than our own, shown the possibility that all the humanoid races are related, and suggested that there is a possible power source that once united the galaxy and may one day again unite our Federation in as close communication as if we all lived on the same planet.

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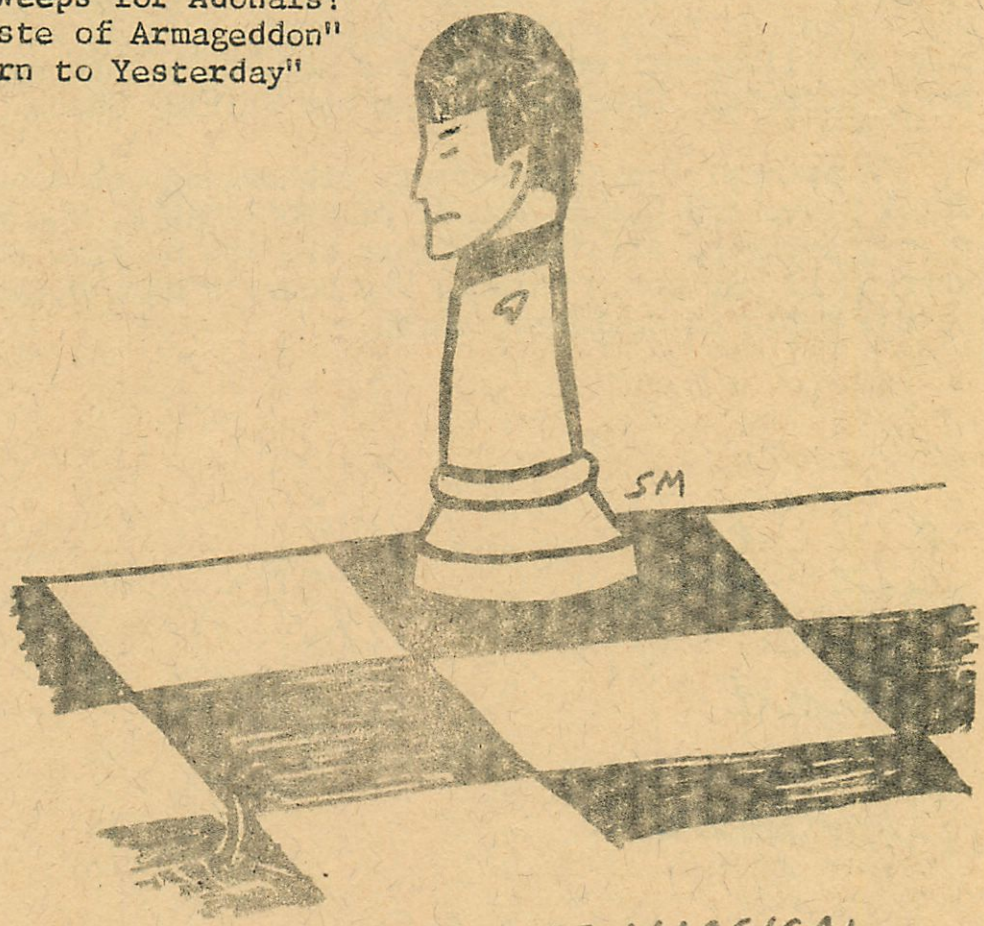
(1) "Metamorphosis"
(2) "The Conscience of the King"
(3) "Balance of Terror"
(4) "Menagerie"
(5) Ibid.
(6) "A Taste of Armageddon"
(7) "Alternate Factor"
(8) "Return of the Archons"
(9) "The Apple"
(10) "The Corbomite Maneuver"
(11) "Who Weeps for Adonais?"
(12) "Journey to Babel"
(13) Ibid.
(14) "Mirror, Mirror"
(15) "Errand of Mercy" and "Friday's Child"

(16) "Journey to Babel"
(17) "Friday's Child"
(18) "Errand of Mercy"
(19) "Cat's-Paw"
(20) "Devil in the Dark"
(21) "Metamorphosis"
(22) "Arena"
(23) "Operation:Annihilate"
(24) "The Squire of Gothos"
(25) "Shore Leave"
(26) "The Changeling"
(27) "The Doomsday Machine"
(28) Ibid.
(29) "Return of the Archons"
(30) "The Apple"
(31) "I, Mudd"
(32) "Who Weeps for Adonais?"
(33) "A Taste of Armageddon"
(34) "Return to Yesterday"



THAT WAS A MOST ILLOGICAL MOVE, CHARLIE....

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Live Long
and
Prosper

—Devra

+

Sherna

You are receiving SPOCKANALIA because

( ) You contributed
(√) You helped
( ) You encouraged
( ) You are mentioned
( ) We would like to trade
(√) You paid cash
( ) You can spell Xtmprsqzntwlfb
( ) You are Dorothy Fontana
( ) Yah gotta piece a da action
( ) You make a great Star Ship Captain, but...
( ) We'd love to ride in your taxi
( ) We ~~love~~ admire you
(√) Your trilling has a tranquilizing effect upon the human nervous system
( ) You know a Vulcan technique
( ) You would like to know a Vulcan technique
( ) We would like to know a Vulcan technique
( ) You have a sehlat in your room
( ) We think we owe you an apology (heh heh)
(√) You didn't mess up the acetylcholine test

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